Bombay Gazette.

VOLUME XXXIX.] - WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20TH 1828. [NUMBER 1994.

AMATEUR THEATRE.

THE public are respectfully informed that on Monday the 25th instant will be performed, the Comedy of

THE LIAR

AND THE FAVOURITE MELO-DRAMA OF

THE TWO GALLEY SLAVES,

Comic Songs, will be introduced between the Acts.

Tickets and places may be had at the Theatre on Saturday the 23d and Monday the 25th instant, between the hours of 10 and 4.

Boxes,..	8 Rupees	Upper Boxes,..	4 Rupees
Pit,....	6 do.	Gallery,.....	2 do.

N. B. No money will be received at the doors.

THIS DAY.

WEDNESDAY the 20th instant.

FRITH Bomanjee & Co.

WILL SELL

BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

AT THEIR ROOMS

THE UNDERMENTIONED GOODS,

VIZ.

RICH Worked Trimming for Ladies' Dresses, Long Cloth, Maddapollams, Sheeting Cloths, Cambrics, Mull and other Muslins, Smelling Salts, Pencils, Foolscap Paper, Cut and plain Glass Ware, Rich Imitation Shawls, Cotton Handkerchiefs, a few remaining Copies of Moore's Rangoon Views; Gentlemens Wearing apparel, with several fashionable Ladies Coloured Dresses Silk Bonnets quite New &c. &c.

AND AT NOON,

A powerful and stylish English GELDING, height 15. 2. and a Chesnut CHARGER of the Kattywar breed he is well recommended.

Nesbit Lane, 20th August 1828.

On FRIDAY next the 22d Instant,

FRITH Bomanjee and Co.

WILL SELL

BY PUBLIC AUCTION

THE REMAINDER OF THE

Household Furniture

OF THE LATE

Limjee Cowasjee Bannajee,

AT HIS LATE RESIDENCE IN NESBIT LANE;

MAZAGON;

THE same comprizes, handsome Damask Couches, Tables, Chairs, coloured and plain Lamps, Argaund Pedestal Lamps, prints (coloured and plain), handsome engraved Wall Shades with Drops and Pans, Girandole Pedestal Shades, Splendid Pier Glasses &c. &c.

At one o'clock will be put up, a handsome Bengal Built LANDAU and a PHAETON.

Further particulars will be given in Catalogues, which will be issued at an early period. The property is now on view.

Nesbit Lane, 20th August 1828.

LA ROSE CLARET.

FRITH Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE a few dozen of this superior WINE from the respectable House of HALLOCK, LANCASTER and FRANCIS, imported by the *H. C. S. Duchess of Athol.*

They have also for sale, Prime York Hams at ¼ Rupee per lb.

FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION

AT

FRITH Bomanjee and Co.'s

THE FOLLOWING

BOOKS,

MILLER'S Science of War, 3 vols. Octavo.... ..Rs..	20
Blank Books with hollow backs,...	3
Owen's new View of Society, Octavo,	5
Fergusson's Lectures on Natural Philosophy, 3 vols. Octavo.....	25
ournal of Science and the Arts, edited at the Royal Institution...	15
Thompson's Annals of Philosophy vols 7, 8, 9 and 10....	30
Hutchinson's Tour to the Lakes....	5
Bolton's Extinct Peerage of England	7
The extraordinary Red Book	7
Warner's History of the Rebellion in Ireland, 2 vols.... ...	20
The North Briton, 2 vols.....	15
Locke's two Treatises on Government, ...	10
Introduction to the Game at Chess.	5
Tim Bobbins's Lancashire Dialect..	5

With a very extensive collection of scarce and valuable works.

Nesbit Lane 20th August 1828.

NOTICE.

THE Public are hereby informed that MR. ANDREW FARQUHARSON is authorized from this date to Sign and act for our Firm per Procuration.

FORBES AND CO.

Bombay, 9th August 1828.

FOR SALE.

A NEAT Dark Green English built BAROUCHETTE AND HARNESS, belonging to a Family about to leave the Presidency.....Price Rs.1,200

ALSO.

A GREY HORSE 5 Years old-14-3 will broke in, with HARNESS PRICE Rs. 650.

Apply to COWASJEE AND PESTONJEE, Forbes Street.

Bombay, 20th August 1828.

SAUL SOLOMON,

MERCHANT, COMMERCIAL AND SHIPPING AGENT AT THE ISLAND OF SAINT HELENA.

Marine Stores, Provisions, Live Stock and Supplies of every description, furnished with facility and on moderate terms.

NEGOCIATES GOOD BILLS.

N. B.—Apartments fitted up in a superior style for the reception of Passengers.

TERMS OF BOARDING HOUSE.—Ladies and Gentlemen accommodated at 25s. per day, including, Port, Sherry, Madeira and Beer, Children and Servants at 12s 6d.

Passengers desirous of remaining at St, Helena for any length of time, accommodated on reduced terms of 15s. each and servants 5s.

N. B.—Hot and Cold Baths, Carriages & Saddle Horses.

ST. HELENA.—It must be desirable for those Ladies and Gentlemen, returning to Europe, or about to pass a short time on that Island, for the benefit of their Health, or otherwise, to know, that there is a long established House, kept on a very different principle to those already advertised (indeed Joe Millar's boarding House is shut up) and one of, if not the best house in St. James's Valley formerly known as DR. DUNN'S, the corner of the Company's Gardens, where Mr. Eyre an old Officer of the Hon'ble Company's Naval Service, continues to receive upon his old plan of *Family Comfort*, those, who are pleased to favour him with their Company.

MR. EYRE as an Agent, takes this opportunity, of further expressing his readiness to assist in procuring supplies for Shipping, disposing of Property and otherwise attending to the interests *of all*, who, may honor *him* with their confidence.

6th August 1828.

Higgs & Briggs

WILL SELL

BY AUCTION.

To-morrow the 21st Instant.

GREEN and Yellow Morocco Skins Long Cloth, China Trunks, and other articles.

Scott's Bible, 5 vols. quarto, Robertson's Works, Rumford's Essays, and many other works.

Meadows Street, 20th August 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

WILL SELL

BY AUCTION

To-morrow the 21st Instant,

The Property of a Gentleman who has left India.

viz.

SILVER Table and Dessert Spoons, gravy Ditto. Table Forks and Soup Ladle, Plated Waiter, Bottle Stands, Cruit Ditto, Glass-ware, Breakfast, and Dinner Sets of Earthernware, Mahogany Oval Table, Card Ditto Chairs and Couches, Carpets, Teapoys, Sideboards, Liquor Stand, Several Oil Paintings in gilt Frames, and a variety of other Articles of Household Furniture, Cooking Utensils &c.

AT ONE O'CLOCK

A GREY

SADDLE HORSE,

AND AN ELEGANT

LONDON BUILT

PHAETON,

with Patent Axle.

AND SINGLE HORSE AND HARNESS,

Meadows Street, 20th August 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

WILL SELL

BY AUCTION

To-morrow the 21st Instant,

ONE HUNDRED

PRIME LANCASTER

HAMS,

Just imported per *Clyde* from Liverpool

ALSO

SUPERIOR

MANILLA CHEROOTS

Just Imported.

Meadows Street, 20th August 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED.

FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION.

A GREY ARAB

Saddle Horse

SEVEN YEARS OLD, AND WOULD MAKE A CAPITAL

BUGGY HORSE

PRICE Rs. 400,

ALSO,

A STRONG

DUN PONY,

PRICE Rs. 250.

Meadows Street, 20th August 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE

SUPERIOR OLD SCOTCH

WHISKEY,

PRICE RS. 18 PER DOZEN,

Meadows Street, 20th August 1828.

FOR SALE

AT THE

GODOWNS

OF THE

SUBSCRIBERS.

A CONSIGNMENT of Superior St. JULIEN, MEDOC and HAUT-BRION CLARET, SAUTERNE, and OLD COGNAC BRANDY, all in cases of one dozen each, per *Buffon* from Bordeaux, from the respectable House of Pelletreau and Sons, at Rs. 15 per dozen.

RITCHIE, FINLAY AND CO.

Rampart Row, 1st August. 1828.

For Freight or Passage,

TO

MADRAS AND CALCUTTA,

THE FAST SAILING GRAB SHIP

ASIA FELIX.

CAPTAIN JAMES HONNOR.

WILL Sail on the 25th Inst.—Apply at the Office of MONUCKCHUND HURRUCKCHUND, or to the CAPTAIN, No. 26 Nesbit Lane.

The Ship will move down to the Anchorage off Bombay, this day.

Bombay, 20th August 1828.

જાહેર • ખબર *

શ્રી • મધરાજ • તથા • ફલફળને • જા

વાને • તોલ • તથા • ઉતારૂ *

ઉતારવિ • ચાલનારી • ગોરાખ • વાંકા ણા • આશીઆ • પૂલીખશ • કપતાન • જેમશ • હુ નર • તારીખ • ૨૫ મી • ચાલતા • મહીનાની નિ • દીને • શ્રી • મધરાજ • તથા • શ્રી • ફલફળને • જવાશા રૂ • ઉપડશે * ખિાર્ષ • પુછ્વુ • હોકિનો • માણે કર્યદકરખર્યદને • અથવા • કપતાંનને • નીશખટ લિનખીનાં • નંખર • ૨૬ મા • વાલા • ઘરખી • જ ઇને • પુછે

મને • વિશ્વાશ • આજ • દીને • લંગર • ઉ ચકીને • બાદર • ૫ડશે *

તારીખ • ૨૦ મી • આશટ • ૧૮૨૮

For Freight or Passage

TO

LONDON

THE REGULAR TRADER

CERES, A. I.

OF 350 TONS

Capt. D. Warren

HAS good accommodation for Passengers, will sail on the 1st September, and will touch at TELLICHERRY, and the CAPE of GOOD HOPE.

Apply to Capt. WARREN at the Office of Messrs. FORBES AND CO.

Bombay, 20th August 1828.

FOR SALE

AT THE

GAZETTE OFFICE,

THE UNDERMENTIONED PRINTED BLANK FORMS.

BILLS of Exchange, per sett	Rs.	" 2 "
Powers of Attorney, each	"	" 2 "
Interest Bonds, do.	"	" 2 "
Respondentia Bonds do.	"	1 " "
Policies of Insurance do.	"	1 " "
Bills of Lading per set	"	" 2 "
Price Currents each	"	" 2 "

Direct to Calcutta,

THE SHIP

HUMAUNSHAW,

OF

600 TONS,

NAQUIDA HASSAN BIN IBRAHIM,

COMMANDER.

WILL Sail on or before the 5th September.—FOR FREIGHT AND PASSAGE

Apply to AGA MAHOMED SHOOSTRY, at his Office in Nesbit Lane.

Bombay, 20th August 1828.

જાહેર • ખબર *

પાયેરૂ • શ્રી • ફલફતે • જાશે *

વાંહાણ • નામે • ફીત્રાહુસેનશાહ્ • ૬૦૦ ટનનુ • નાંખોદા • હાલમ • ખીને • ખિરાફીત્ર • વાલું • તારીખ • ૫ મી • ગાવતા • શપટેમબરે • અથવા • તેની • આગાઉજ ઉપડીજાશે * વિાંહાણ ઉપર • જોઇ • તથા • ઉતારૂ • ચડાવા • બાબે • કોઇને • પુછવુ • હોયતો • નીશબટ • વેનકો • આગા મોહમદ • કુશતરીની • આદુીશકો • બઇને • પુછે *

શ્રી • મુમબઇની • તા૦ ૨૦ મી • આગાશટ ૧૮૨૮

For Freight or Passage,

TO

LONDON

AND THE

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,

THE FINE RIVER BUILT SHIP

LADY RAFFLES, A. I.

BURTHEN 650 TONS,

WILLIAM TUCKER,

COMMANDER.

WILL Positively be Dispatched in all September. Apply to Captain TUCKER at the Office of Messrs. ADAM SKINNER AND CO., where plans of the accommodations may be had.

Bombay, 20th August 1828.

For Freight or Passage,

TO CALCUTTA

THE SHIP

CLYDE,

CAPT. SCOTT.

WILL Sail the first week in next Month apply to Messrs. DIROM CARTER AND CO. or to Captain SCOTT on board, who has for Sale, some fine TERRIERS, SPANIELLS and other DOGS.

Bombay, 20th August 1828.

For Freight or Passage

TO

MADRAS AND CALCUTTA

THE FIRST CLASS SHIP

"PALAMBAM"

D. NASH.

COMMANDER

WILL Sail for the above Ports with all dispatch.

Apply to the COMMANDER on board or to Messrs WILLIAM NICOL AND CO.

Bombay 20th August 1828.

For Freight or Passage,

TO LONDON

THE SHIP

EGYPTIAN, A. I.

OF 360 TONS

Wm. Lilburn,

COMMANDER.

HAS good accommodations for Passengers and will have an early dispatch.—For particulars Apply to Messrs. ROBERT TAYLOR AND CO.

Bombay, 20th August 1828.

For Freight or Passage,

TO

LONDON

THE SHIP

SURRY,

OF 500 TONS

Capt. Charles Kemp

TO SAIL IN OCTOBER.

THIS Ship has good accommodations for Passengers and carries a Surgeon.—For Freight or Passage Apply to Capt. KEMP or to Messrs. RANKEN AND SAUNDERS.

Bombay, 20th August 1828.

For Passengers to *LONDON.*

TO FOLLOW THE

LADY RAFFLES,

THE FAST SAILING SHIP

CHARLES KERR, A. I.

BURTHEN 550 TONS

John Brodie,

(Late of the East I. Comp's Service)

COMMANDER

THE CHAS. KERR was to leave Gravesend on 1st June, and may be expected early in September, and will sail again for London about the 15th of Nov. Has large and elegant Cabins for Passengers and carries an experienced Surgeon.

Plans of the accommodation may be had on application at the Office of Messrs. ADAM, SKINNER AND CO.

Bombay, 20th August. 1828.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

ARRIVALS.—Pay Master C. Barlow H. M. 54th Regt,
Cadet C. R. Whitelock,
Cadet Geo. Hancock Infantry,
Ensign F. Fenwick 16th Regt. N. I.
Cornet W. C. Roberts 2nd Regt. Lt. Cy.
Ast. Surgn. J. J. Cunningham 3rd Troop H. B.
Surgn. Jas. Orton.

DEPARTURES.—Ensign Wm. Knipe 17th Regt N. I.
Major D. Wilson 7th Regt. N. I.
Lieut. James Littlejohn, Queens Royals.

SHIPPING REPORTS.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS.

AUGUST 13th.—Ship Palambam (Free Trader) D. Nash, Master, from Glasgow, 18th April.

Do.—Ship Carron, Thomas McCarthy Master, from Calcutta 5th April Deigo Garcia 27th July.

14th,— Barque Margaret. Johnson, (Free Trader) Henry Sourby Master, fron Liverpool 7th Feb. Cape Good Hope 12th June Mauritius July 27th.

Do.—Ship Hibberts (Free Trader) Wm. Morley Master from London, 5th April.

Do.— Ship Fatel Carime Hajee Abdul Sacoor Nacqudah, from Mocha 15th June and Muscat 31st August.

Passengers per Carron.—Mrs. McCarthy and Child. Franckin Fenwick Esq,

Per Barque Margaret Johnson.—G. H. Pitt Esq, C, S

Per Ship Hibberts.—George Hancock, Cadet,

DEPARTURES.

AUGUST 12th—Ship Sarah, (Free Trader) Robt, C, Chrystie Master, to China,

14 h Ship Caledonia, John Whyte Master to china

18th French Ship Sophia, F, Lartique Master, to Malabar Coast

19 Ship Good Success, Wm; Durant Master, to China,

SHIPS LOADING.

ENGLISH.—Ceres for London; Thorn; for London; Sovereign for London; Egyption for London H. C. Ship Marquis Camden for China; Oscar for Persian Gulph; Samdany for Malay Coast; Asia Felix for Calcutta.

ARAB.—Rahimany for Calcutta; Futtay Eslam for Persian Gulph.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE HARBOUR.

H. C. SHIPS.—Marquis Camden.

FREE TRADERS.—Gallovedian, Lady Raffles. England, Egyptian, Thorn, Sovereign, and Alcyane. Clyde, Chatham, Palambam, Hibbert; Margaret Johnson, Gallovindien, Duncan Gibb, Surry, Ceres, and Mary.

COUNTRY SHIPS.—Lady Caroline, Hashmy. Oscar, Samdany, Asia Felix; and Carron

ARAB.—Wootmany, Futtayeslam, Futtaynasry Hamaumshaw, and Rahemany.

FRENCH.—Bordelais.

H. C. CRUIZERS.—Elphinstone, Coote, Discovery, Fly and Benares.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTHS.

On the 17th Instant, the Lady of James Morley Esq. of a Daughter.

At Colabah on the 14th Inst. the Lady Mr. W. Graham of a Daughter,

On the morning of the 12 instant, Mrs. Cressleman, of a Daughter, still-Born.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Thomas Church, by the Rev. Henry Davies Senior Chaplain, on the morning of the 14th instant, David Jones Esq. of Pengelly Cardiganshire South Wales, to Anne Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Assistant Surgeon John White, of H. M. 17th Light Dragoons.

On Thursday, the 14th instant at St. Thomas's Church, by the Rev. E. Mainwaring Major Stratford Powell, Deputy Adjutant General of the Army, to Miss Goodfellow, eldest daughter of Lieut. Colonel S. Goodfellow, Chief Engineer at this Presidency.

DEATHS.

At Broach, on Sunday the 10th Instant, William Henry Stanly, the Infant son of William Broadwood Esq. C. S. aged 14 Months and 25 days.

At Ayr, on the 14th Feb. Janet, wife of Assistant Surgeon Richmond, 4th Light Dragoons.

At Mhow, on the 2d of August, Henry Worrall Pickford, Lieut. of the 18th Regt, N. I. aged 23, of a severe attack of small pox, which he bore with the patience of true Christian fortitude. He was a young man of promising abilities, and of a mild and amiable disposition.

At Aurungabad, on the 6th of August, Capt. R. Swinton in the service of H. H. the Nizam, late of H. M. 20th Regt. of Foot, aged 50 years.

At Poonah, on Monday the 4th of August, after a short illness of only seven days, Lieut. Alex. Scott Walker, of the Bombay Engineers.

At Bombay, on the 11th instant, Mr. Conductor John Kilkenney, Ordnance Department, aged 29 years, leaving three orphan children, and a number of friends, to lament his loss.

On the morning of the 14th instant, aged 28, Caroline, wife of Mr. Henry Cressleman, after a lingering and severe illness, the sufferings of which she endured with exemplary patience, and died in a spirit of entire resignation to the will of God.

BOMBAY COURIER

EXTRAORDINARY.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1828.

IT is with feelings of the deepest regret we have to announce the Death of the Honourable SIR EDWARD WEST Knt. Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature at this Presidency, which took place at Poona yesterday in the forenoon. The following General Order by Government, has been issued on the occasion.

BOMBAY CASTLE, 19TH AUGUST 1828

GENERAL ORDER BY GOVERNMENT,

In consequence of the lamented death of the Hon'ble SIR EDWARD WEST, KNIGHT, Chief Justice of His Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature at this Presidency, which took place at Poona yesterday in the forenoon, the Honorable the Governor in Council is pleased to direct that 45 Minute Guns, corresponding with the age of the deceased, be fired from the Ramparts of the Garrison, and that the Flag at the Castle be hoisted half Mast high, and continue so until sunset.

By Order of the Hon'ble the Governor in Council,

W. NEWNHAM.

Chief Secretary.

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

SIR.

The following met with "unbounded applause" as uttered by one of our *choicest spirits*, and if your Compositor can find a corner for it in your valuable paper after all the other "good things" are inserted it may perhaps meet approval elsewhere—(On reading your last Gazette my friend observed) "The *melodious commencement* of the Greek Government in appointing Count CAPO-D' ISTRIA "their President promises *harmony* in their "proceedings—Not so with the Portuguese, "their new Regent's name speaking for itself "Don *Me—go—ill! !* (Miguel)".

Yours Obediently

A SUBSCRIBER.

Rutnagherry 8th Aug. 1828.

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

SIR.

On perusing the account of the "Surat Theatricals" given in last Saturday's Courier, I was much pleased to observe the adoption of a plan at the Theatre of that Station which, it were much to be wished, was permanently, or, at least more frequently introduced on the Bombay Boards. I allude to the singing of "Comic and other Songs to beguile the lagging "moments between the Acts," We have sometimes been similarly amused with Songs and Recitations at our Theatre; but it has been very seldom. Bombay is not so destitute of vocal talent I think, as to make it *difficult* to obtain some gifted Gentlemen to entertain us with this species of Amusement. We have instrumental Music it is true; but this would yield greater entertainment if it were accompanied by the melody of a fine voice, and the mellifluent strains of some favoured votary of the Muses. Besides causing the intervening moments to glide imperceptibly away, it would at the same time, tend, in some measure, to relieve the Performers by lessening their anxiety not to keep the Audience waiting, while they are adjusting their dresses, or refreshing their memories and spirits.

As the Theatre is soon to be reopened, I hope these remarks may attract the attention of the Gentlemen concerned, whose constant desire to please cannot be too much praised. In the mean time it is to be hoped, that, the praiseworthy efforts of those who, notwithstanding the discouragement which the paucity of the last audience was calculated to convey, have kindly come forward again to amuse us, will be now encouragingly rewarded by the Fair, the Brave, the Learned, the Civil and the Skilled of this Island. I would address this in particular to the *fair* without whose vivifying smiles

——"The House looks dull" The spirits "catching the infection sink, and emulation in the Actors sleeps" and who methinks, have been provokingly sparing of their "Angel forms" on late occasions.

I remain, Mr. Editor,

Your very humble Servant

18th Aug. 1828. N.

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

MR. EDITOR,

Some years ago on my arrival in Bombay I took up my abode with a friend of my Family's, to whom I had letters of Introduction; a quiet old Gentleman of the times long since gone bye who cared not for what was going on without the pale of his dwelling; so long as he had his Cheeroot, his friend and his Brandy Panee, as for myself curious to be acquainted with the nature of a Society so differently constituted from that which I had just left, and observing from the Balcony of my Friend's House which tow'rd high above the adjacent ones, that the dwellings of those around us were more open to the gaze of the curious, though not indecently so, than those in merry old England, a circumstance consequent on the nature of the climate, I have frequently sat on this Balcony in the evening delighted with the warblings of our happy neighbours, the sound of the merry dance and the social laugh which now and then burst upon my ear, used not unfrequently to recall to my mind those hours of happiness which once were mine. Often when my worthy friend was entranced in the recollection of other times and his mind was away away on the sea of memory, calling back in all the freshness of his Excited fancy, when he was gay amongst the gay, when his young heart felt all the impulse of buoyancy and delight reflecting perhaps with sorrow on the image of same fair one for whom in the fervor of youth he had once cherished the warmest affection but who (Oh! Shame) had long since pledged her faith to another. Often have I sat gratified to find that even in this land so far away from that of our Home, there were some kindred spirits, some souls in whose society we might make one languid hour pass away in pleasantness and Peace.

But how alter'd is this place now, I am again on a visit in Bombay, and in the dwelling of my ancient friend who by the bye has long since passed away, and instead of that melody that once pleased my heart, sounds of merriment that once came with such rapture on my ear are now changed into the most discordant noises, instead of that shrinking back from the gaze of publicity which was once so eminently characteristic of the females of those days you find windows open to the most private parts of the Houses, as if courting the gaze of the passer bye, no voices of Harmomy or Social feeling—nothing that indicates that kind intercourse between man and man, that can alone make up for the estrangement all must feel in a foreign land, nothing but cold and distant formality; I would ask Mr. Editor what all this argues you as a resident here may be able to account for it.

This hasty scrawl written on the Spur of the moment you will perhaps consider worthy of a place in your paper, if so, as the retired nature of my habits may afford time for some further remarks upon this and other topics I will from time to time contribute under the name of.

A SPECTATOR.

EXCHANGE &c.

On London, at 6 months sight 1 | 9

Calcutta, at 30 days sight, 105 *a* 106 per 0 | 0 Siccas.

Madras, at 30 days sight, *a* 99

BAZAR VALUE OF COMPANY'S PAPER.

Remittable notes 135 Bombay Rs, per 0 | 0 Siccas

Unremittable do. 105 do. per 0 | 0 do.

Notes of the present 5 per Cent. Loan opened Bengal on the 18th August 1825, selling at 107½ B'bay per 0 | 0 Siccas.

PRICES OF BULLION.

Spanish Dollars	100 per 218 B'by Rs.
German Crowns	100 per 209 Ditto.

FREIGHTS.

To London....Per Ton 17s. £ 1.

To China.....Per Candy. Rs. 20 *a* 23.

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 28 June, 2017

THE GAZETTE.

BOMBAY.

WEDNESDAY, 20TH AUGUST 1828.

We observe that the *Louisa* from Penang the 5th of July arrived at Calcutta on the 28th of the same month, and has brought Malacca papers, the *Calcutta Government Gazette*, gives the following Extract from the *Malacca Observer* of the 3rd June, as descriptive of the Melancholy state of affairs in JAVA, from which we should argue that the Dutch power will soon cease to exist.

"By the arrival of the *Cecilia*, Captain Stavers, from Batavia, we have been informed of intelligence of a very serious nature with regard to the present state of Java. A conspiracy had been formed amongst the Chiefs supposed to be well affected, to murder all the Europeans at Solo, which however, was happily frustrated thro' the means of Captain Stavers' brother.

The soldiers are dropping off fast through fatigue and the effects of the climate, and to make matters worse, money is not to be had. Trade likewise is at a very low ebb, so much so that the Dutch Company, generally known under the designation of the Manschappeh, are glad to retail a cheese, or case bottle of gin! General Van Geen has returned to Europe, and General De Kock has assumed the command of the forces. The Commissioner also is about to return."

Our good fortune has favored us so far, as to have enabled us to procure, (we believe) the only Copy in Bombay of the "TALES OF AN ANTIQUARY," which are described as being chiefly illustrative of the Manners, Traditions, and Remarkable Localities of Ancient London. As yet we have not been enabled to peruse these *Tales* with the care and attention we should have wished, as we were anxious to make our Reade s acquainted with their merits as soon as possible.

From a further perusal we also fear that the Tale we have selected for this Week's Paper is not the most effective of the Series, we however Next Week shall have had sufficient time to form our own judgment on their respective Merits. The *New Monthly Magazine* for March describes them in the following manner.

"These are what are called Historical Romances. There is some history in them, but a great deal more romance. In some instances, the pictures of manners, customs, and localities, are no less correct than they are vigorous and pleasing. If the painter has not seen the originals, he has clearly got some very satisfactory sketches of them from other hands, to guide him in his delineation. In other instances, it it is equally evident that he has made up a sort of likeness from an analogy formed in his own mind, and has presented his own composition instead of a copy. Whether of one class or the other, his productions are full of spirit, beauty, and effect. The stories are generally of no great length or complexity, and some of them are in the most intrepid stile of fiction; but they are always interesting, often highly dramatic in the manner of their narration, and extremely well adapted to the introdaction of illustrations of manners, history, and autiquities, in which the author displays extensive research."

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

The State of the Market at the present time, is to accurately detailed in the following Remarks extracted from the *Bombay Price Current* of the 16th Inst., that we have deemed it adviseable again to repeat them.

COTTON YARN.—No sales are reported since our last, nearly 300 Bales have arrived in the last few days.

COTTON.—Several sales have been made of Dholera Cotton in the last fortnight, at 97 to 100 Rupees per Candy, and prices may yet be expected to decline,—At the Sale on the 28th of March at the East India house of 3515 Bales, prices varied from 3 1/8d 3 3/8d to 4d some fine at 4 1/4d per lb; and at public Sales in Mincing lane of 3540 Bales from 3 1/4d at 3 7/8d, Sales are then reported to have been very heavy, at a decline of 1/8 to 1/4 per lb. on previous prices; and not more than two fifths were Sold.

METALS.—ENGLISH IRON does not meet with so ready a Sale as lately, but that no great decline in price will take place, and prices may improve when the season opens for Boats sailing to the northward, a Sale of 280 Tons had effect two days ago at Rupees 42 per candy.

SWEDISH IRON.—promises to improve, as little has arrived lately; and Stocks are much reduced, Of *Steel* there is an abundant supply but prices, are steady as quoted. The demand is likely to improve for Iron plates. Copper is in fair enquiry, and looking up, 11 Tons of Slab Copper Sold in the weak at 69 Rupees per Cwt. very dull; and Stocks heavy. Tin plates becoming scarce and enquired after. The Stock of Spelter is principally in one hand; and price is steady.

EUROPE PIECE GOODS.—Since our las nearly 1000 Packages, have been broughtt in the late arrivals, several Sales and to some extent have had effect, principally for the Persian Market, in printed goods, but prices rate 20 *a* 30 per Cent under those given for similar goods at this time last year, and this do for the most part current descriptions, while a great many goods are almost unsealeable; and with two or three exceptions, of every description; Stocks are very heavy and the demand most dull and inactive.

FREIGHT TO LONDON.—For Cotton has been engaged at 17s | 6d per Ton and we hear a Vessel hae been offered for a full cargo at 15s: A Number of Vessels are now in Harbour unprovided with cargoes. And without any prospect either of soon being so; and are about to leave in Ballast in search of employment touching on the coast at Ceylon and the Mauritius.

From the reports that have reached us of the progress of the Amateurs in getting up a Morceau for the public, we have pleasure in being able to congratulate the play going-Folks, in the anticipation of something good, the peices in themselves are excellent, and well calculated for the display of the Threatrical Talent of which our present Corps dramatique is possessed, we wish them every success, and that the lovely and encouraging Smiles of the Ladies, the warm plaudits of the *recherché* Gentlemen, may give them Confidence in the fulfilment of their kind efforts in contributing to the amusement of the Public—which they will no doubt fully merit.

MADRAS.

CURRENT VALUE OF
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
Wednesday, August 9, 1828.

Six per Cent, Bengal Remittable Loan.
At the Rate of Subscription viz
350 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rs....28 1/2 *Prem.*
At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities, viz.
106 1/2 Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rs. 26 1/2 *Premium*

Five per Cent, Bengal Unremittable Loan.
At the Rate of Subscription viz.
350 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees .2 1/2 *Discoun*
At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities, viz.
106 1/2 Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rus 1/2 *Discount.*

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

AUGUST 3d.—Ship Anna Robertson, James Twine, from Isle of France 4th July.

— 4th.—Bark Malvina, J. M'Dermott, from Bimlipatam 27th July.

— 5th.—Brig Sir Archibald Campbell, Charles Robertson, from Calcutta 4th July.

Passengers per Bark Malvina,—F. Hodgkinson, Esq.

Per Brig Sir Archibald.—Lieutenant C. J. Boyes, H. M. 30th Regiment; Mr. Wm. Marsh, free Mariner, Mr. James Napier, and 10 Natives.

DEPARTURES.

AUGUST 1st.—Ship Providence, Robert Ford, for Calcutta.

— Do.—Ship Minstrel, Chas. Arkcoll, for Calcutta.

— Do.—Ship Danaé, D'Etcheverry, for Coringa.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE ROADS.

H. M. Ship Success, Captain J. F. Stoddart.
H. C. Ship Macqueen, Captain J. Walker.
H. C. Ship William Fairlie, Capt. T. Blair.
H, C, Ship Lord Lowther, Captain C Steward.
Ship Prince Regent, Captain W, Richards,
Ship Asia, Captain T, F, Stead,
Ship Providence Captain Robert Ford.
Ship Minstrel, Captain Charles Arkcole.
Ship Indiana, Capt. James Webster,
Ship Anna Robertson, Captain James Twine,
Ship L'Achille, Captain Seignac.
Bark Malvina, Captain J. M'Dermott.
Brig Johanna, Capt. D. Laird.
Brig Sir Archibald Campbell, Capt. C. Robertson
Brig Henrietta, Captain Destangue.
Brig Jean Pierre, Capt. J. Foncault.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTHS.

At St. Thomé, on the 4th of August, the wife of the Rev. Edmund Crisp, of a Son.

MARRIAGES.

At Madras, on the 28th July, by the Reverend George J Lawrie, D. D. James Dalmahoy, Esq. Assistant Surgeon, to Harriet, third daughter of the Reverend Archibald Lawrie, D, D. Minister of London, Airshire.

At St. George's Church, on the 4th August, by the Reverend R. W. Moorson, B A. Andrew Robertson, Esq. Civil Service, to Isabella Flora, daughter of the late Alexander MacLeod, Esq. of Dalvey, Country of Moray.

On Tuesday the 22d July, at Kamptee, Serjeant Major Francis Lepley, 1st Horse Brigade to Miss Mary Joannah Perez.

At Cannanore, on Wednesday the 30th July, by the Reverend Aleixo Vitorino de Almeida, Mr. Peter Fernandez, Writer in the Superintending Surgeon's Department, and youngest Son of the late Mr Antony Fernandez. Head Clerk of the Pay Office of Malabar, to Miss Paulina Maria Freita.

DEATHS.

At Vizianagrum, on the morning of the 25th July, Captain Robert Shedden, of the 12th Regiment N. I. whose loss will be long and severely felt by his friends and Brother Officers.

FORT ST. GEORGE, *August* 1, 1828.

THE Right Honorable the Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint R. W. Norfor, Esq. to be Master Attendant at Cuddalore and Porto Novo.

The Packets by the H. C. Ships *Lord Lowther*, and *William Fairlie* for Penang and China, are advertised to be closed about the 8th Instant; it is said that the *Macqueen* for China, will shortly follow.

The *Duke of Bedford*, Captain Morris, which sailed from Bombay late in February or early, in March last, it appears, had reached the Cape of Good Hope. Major NOBLE, of the Military Establishment of that Presidency, and Passenger *per Bedford*, had unfortunately died.—*Govt. Gaz. August* 7.

We stated in our paper of the 26th of June, on the authority of the Morning Herald of the 20th of February, that a considerable defalcation had occurred at the East India House. The following on the same subject is from the Morning Herald of the 25th.

"We some days ago, alluded to an inquiry that was said to be going on at the East India House, relative to one of the officers of that establishment having become a defaulter to the amount of 20,000l. We unders and that the particulars of the affair are these:—The late Treasurer had a sum of about 20,000l. placed in his hands for special purposes, which, instead of keeping in his own possession, he, for the sake of the interest, placed out upon security. That gentleman died suddenly, and, on examining his accounts, he was found to be deficient in this amount. On applying, however, to his executors, the money was immediately paid to the East India Company. In this transaction, no blame attached to Mr. Mortimer, the Deputy Treasurer, who knew that the Treasurer, held this money, but who had no right to question him on the subject. On the death of the Treasurer, the appointment was offered to Mr. Mortimer, who refused it, on account of certain new responsibilities that were attached to it; and Mr. M. also resigned his office as Deputy Treasurer; but the Directors voted him the highest pension, and made an entry upon the minutes of the Court, to the effect that he enjoyed the fullest confidence of the Directors. Subsequently, however, Mr. Mortimer was induced to accept the appointment, as may be seen from the following official notice:

"On Friday last a Court of Directors was held at the East India House, when Charles Mortimer, Esq. was sworn in Treasurer, and John Robert Vincent, Esq. Deputy Treasurer, of the Honorable East India Company."

CALCUTTA.

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

BUY.	JULY 28th, 1828.	SELL.
25	8 Remittable Loan, (Prem.)	24 8
At Par	0 Old 5 per Cent. Loan, Disct.....	0 4
0 10	Prem New ditto Prem.....	0 2

BANK OF BENGAL RATES.

Discount on Government and Salary Bills 4 per Cent
Ditto on Private Bills and Notes.....7 Ditto
Interest on Loans on Deposit.....6 Ditto

COURSE OF EXCHANGE

BUY.	CALCUTTA.	SELL
1 10 1/2	On London 6 Months sight, per Sa. R..	1 11

RATES OF EXCHANE,

BUY.]	CALCUTTA.	[SELL.
1 10 1/2	On London 6 Months sight, per Sa. Rs	1 11 *a* 2
	Bombay 30 Days ditto per 100 Bombay Rs.....	98 0
	Madras ditto Sa. Rs. per 100 Madras Rs.	91 0 *a* 92 0

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

JULY. 24th,—Ship Cashmere Merchant, G. Paglar, from China the 10th May Singapore, and Malacca the 6th July.

— Ship John Adam, D Sterling, form the Persian Gulph the 28th June, Bombay, and Madras the 17th July.

— 24th —Brig Welcome, G. Paul, from Glasgow 1st March.

— Brig Active, R Smith, from Rangoon 21st June.

— 26th —Brig Hebden H Fowler, from Downs 1st March.

— 26th. —Bark Fame, Robert Bullen, from London the 25th February and Madras the 5th July.

— Ship Louisa, J. Mackie, from Penang the 5th July.

— 28th French Brig Mari de Rose, Esnol, from Havre de Grace 16th March.

Passengers per Ship Cashmere Merchant from China.—R. Marnell, Esq. T. Baker, Esq.; C. S. U. Muhldoff, Esq.

From Singapoore:—C. Jones, Esq. Surgeon, M. E. Constant gales, with heavy rain, since the 16th July

Per Ship John Adam—Mrs. D. Sterling and Child.

From Bombay:—Ensigns F W. Good and W, Harrison.

From Madras:—Mr. John Russell, H. C. Ship Research.

Per Brig Hebden.—Mrs. Anne Eliza Maitland; Mrs Mary Ann Prentice; Mr. Joseph Fleming.

Per bark Fame, from London.—George Brodie, Esq Merchant Charles Newton, Esq & Messrs William Mosleo and George Channer, Cadets.

DEPARTURES.

JULY 25th.—Brig Packet, J. McArthur, for Liverpol

DOMESTIC OCCURENCES.

BIRTHS.

At Calcutta, on the 24th July the Lady of R. C. Jenkins, Esq. of a Son.

At Calcutta on the 26th July, the Wife of Mr. Horatio Jones, of a Daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Calcutta on Monday, the 21st July, at the Cathedral, by the Reverend J. Henderson Mr. C. Ewan to Miss Sarah Austin the only Daughter of the late Mr. T. Austin, of the Bengal Pilot Establishment.

At Calcutta on the 21st July at the Cathedral by the Reverend William Eales, Mr. D. E. Mallock, Merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Lydia Howat son.

DEATHS.

At Calcutta, on the 20th July, Master Edwin Stavers, Son of Captain Peter Mallish Stavers, aged 8 months and 24 days.

At Calcutta, on the 23d Jury, Miss Elizabeth Ann Dyer, Daughter of Mr. John Dyer, Honorable Company's Marine, a ged 4 months and 16 days.

At Calcutta, on Wednesday, the 23d July, Mrs Maria Benson, of Consumption, after an illness of 4 years, aged 45 years.

At Calcutta, on the 25th July, Master Horace William Davis, Son of W. Davis, Esq. aged 6 months and 11 days.

At Calcutta, on the morning of Sunday, the 27th July, Master Charles Augustus Harwood, aged 1 year, 7 months and 27 days.

At Howrah, on the 23d July, Mr. Joseph Prince, Chief Officer of the *Mary*, late second of the *Arabian*, aged 21 years.

THE FOLLOWING ARE GENERAL ORDERS ISSUED TO HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES IN INDIA.

Head-Quarters, Simla, 2d July, 1828,
No. 248. GENERAL ORDERS.

The Commander in Chief publishes for the information of the Officers of His Majesty's Forces in India, the following General Order of His Grace the Commander in Chief in England dated Horse Guards, 31st December 1828, which His Excellency considers as equally applicable to Officers belonging to the Royal Forces, serving in India, and he accordingly desires that it be strictly attended to.

WILLOUGHBY COTTON,
Adjt. Genl. H. M's. Forces in India.

No. 464, GENERAL ORDER.
Horse Guards, 31st December, 1827.

The Commander in Chief finds it necessary to remind the Officers of the Army, that on or before the day upon which their Leave of Absence expires, they are bound to be actually present with their Regiments, or Departments, if they belong to the Staff, whether they be Stationed at Home or Abroad.

His Grace is resolved to enforce the strictest Compliance with the above Regulation, and will refuse any Application for an extension of Leave of Absence, which after the present warning, shall not be made in ample time to admit of the Applicant being at his Post, before the expiration of his Original Leave, in the event of such extension being refused,

His Grace likewise reminds Officers, that when, in consequence of sudden illness, or other unavoidable circumstances, they fail to join their Regiment or Department before expiration of their Leave, they are required by the "General Regulations and Orders of the Army," to furnish, for the Commander-in-Chief's information, as soon as they join, a Statement of the cause of failure.

These Statements must invariably be made through the Officer Commanding the Regiment, or Department, as well as through the General Officer, (if any there be) under whom he is serving, and will in no case be admitted by His Grace, when transmitted to the Adjutant General through any but the Official Channels herein specified.

By Command of His Grace the Commander in Chief.

(Signed) HENRY TORRENS,
Adjutant General.

By Order of the Commander in Chief in India.

WILLOUGHBY COTTON,
Adjt. Genl. H. M's. Forces in India.

Head-Quarters, Simla, 3d July 1828.
No. 249. GENERAL ORDERS.

His Excellency the Commander in Chief in India has been pleased to make the following Appointment, until His Majesty's pleasure shall be known:

38th Foot.

Assistant Surgeon Thomas Foss, from the 29th Foot, to be Assistant Surgeon, vice Thomson deceased 7th June, 1828.

Lieutenant J. T. Lowth is appointed to act as Quarter Master to the 38th Foot, vice Lieutenant Greene appointed Adjutant.

Captain Bower, 48th Foot, doing duty with the 31st Regiment at Meerut, has Leave of Absence from the 1st Instant, to proceed to the Presidency, as soon as the river opens, to enable him to join his Regiment at Madras.

This Cancels the Leave granted to Lieutnant Ainslie in G. O. 23d June, No. 242.

The Leave of Absence granted by His Excellency Lieutenant General Sir T. Bradford, to Lieutenant Ainslie, 4th Light Dragoons, and to Lieutenant Hornby, 6th Foot, to proceed to England, the former on urgent private affairs, and the latter on Sick Certificate and to be absent on that account, each for Two Years, from date of embarkation, is confirmed.

Lieutenant Warrington, 6th Foot is appointed to act as Quarter Master to that Corps, during the Absence on Leave of Lieutenant Hornby or, until further Orders.

The Commander in Chief has been pleased to appoint Captain Johnston, 14th Foot, to do duty at the Convalescent Depôt at Landour. He is consequently to be returned by his Regiment absent on that duty.

On the expiration of the leave of Absence granted to Captain Enderby, 16th Lancers, in General Orders of the 25th February last, that Officer will proceed and join the Depôt at Chinsurah, where he will do duty until further Orders.

The undermentioned Officers have Leave of Absence:

44th Foot—Ensign Lurat, in extension, from 1st July to 31st August, on urgent private affairs.

47 Foot—Ensign Clarke, in extension, from 9th June to 8th July, on urgent private affairs.

By Order of the commander in Chief,

WILLOUGHBY COTTON,
Adjt. Genl. H. M's. Forces in India.

Head-Quarters, Simla, 4th July 1828.
No. 250, GENERAL ORDERS.

The following Government General Orders, Nos. 126 and 128 of 1828, are re-published for the information and guidance of Officers, belonging to His Majesty's Forces in India.

No. 126 of 1288,

GENERAL ORDERS BY THE HONORABLE THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

FORT WILLIAM; 6TH JUNE, 1828.

Under instructions from the Honorable the

Court of Directors, the Governor General in Council is pleased to direct, that Officers of His Majesty's Service in India, who may be reduced to Half-pay, shall instead of being permitted to draw, as was authorized in General Orders the 28th of June 1822, the Full Batta and House Rent of their Rank, for Three months after the date of the notification of their removal to the Half-pay List, be entitled to the Half Batta only, and House Rent of their respective Ranks, for that period.

(Signed) Wm. CASEMENT, *Lieut.-Col. Sec. to Govt. Mil. Dept.*

No. 127 of 1828.

The Honorable the Governor in Council is pleased to direct, that the following Paragraphs of a Military General Letter, from the Honorable the Court of Directors, dated the 23d January 1828. be published for the information of Officers in India, belonging to His Majesty's Service,

Para 20. "We have on various occasions received Applications from Officers in His Majesty's Service, claiming to receive the amount of their Passage Money, after their arrival in India."

21. "As the circumstances which entitle some of His Majesty's Officers to a Free Passage, are only known to the Military Authorities, at the Office, at the Horse Guards, Whitehall, we direct that all Officers, making Applications of this nature, be desired to forward them direct from India, to the Military Secretary of the Commander-in-Chief, at that Office, for consideration: the transmitting them to us in the first instance being productive only of delay."

(Signed) Wm. CASEMENT *Lieut.-Col Sec. to Govt. Mily. Dept.*

By Order of the Commander in Chief.

WILLOUGHBY COTTON,
Adjt. General H. M's. Force in India.

A letter from Bhaugulpore says: "The Lord Bishop of Calcutta reached this station on the morning of the 18- inst. and proceeded in the evening to the house of the Judge and Magistrate, Mr. R. Nisbet, where his Lordship intended to remain some days We are concerned to state that the Bishop is so unwell, that he has been advised to return to Culcutta."

SECOND LOTTERY
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT,
of the
CITY OF CULCUTTA.

Third day's Drawing; Tuesday, July 22d 1828.

PRIZES

No. 206 Prize of 5000 Sicca Rupees.
Nos 28 1222 2647 1875 Prizes of 2000 Sicca Rupees each.
Nos. 2545 3166 4548 Prizes of 1000 Sicca Rupees each.
Nos. 436 3545 273 605 4578 Prizes of 500 Sicca Rupees each.

Fourth Day's Drawing; Thursday, July 24, 2828.

PRIZES.

Nos. 2666 4777 Prizes of 2000 Sicca Rupees each.
Nos. 920 1630 2198 3221 Pries 1000 Sicca Rupees each.
Nos. 1296 1327 2285 3002 2347 Prizes of 500 Sicca Rupees each

Fifth Day's Drawing; Saturday, July 26, 1828.

PRIZES.

No. 2962 Prize of 10,000 Sicca Rupees.
No. 3829 Prize of 5000 Sicca Rupees.
No. 494 Price of 2000 Sicca Rupees.
No. 1333 Prize of 1000 Sicca Rupees.
Nos. 2606 1175 1174 3092 1040 3064 873 4258 Prizes of 500 Sicca Rupees each.

The Sixth Day's Drawing will take place on Tuesday next, the 29th July.

Govt. Gaz. July 28.

Captain Stead of the *Asia*, lately arrived at Madras from Sydney, on his passage up on the 15th May discovered a sand bank with an Ensign flying on it, and on closing with it saw the wreck of a vessel, which proved to be the *Bonavista* Brig, the Crew and passengers had been all saved: the vessel was bound from New South Wales to the Isle France—and went on shore there the night of the 17th March and had just finished a small vessel of about 25 Tons which they intended leaving the Reef in, had they not seen the *Asia*. This vessel, they brought with them but afterwards she foundered astern of the Ship, and three men were drowned in her. Captain Towers of the late Brig and two passengers were landed at Batavia and the Crew at Singapore.

The position of this Sand bank is in latitude 21. 16. South, Longitude 155. 46. E. The longitude inferred from good Chronometers and lunar observations. The bank is not laid down in any chart and indeed is stated not to have been fallen in with before.

The official Gazette of Sydney although a warm advocate of Colonel Arthur, hesitates not to condemn the disgraceful measure which he has left as a legacy to the Colony of Tasmania—the destruction of the Freedom of the Press. It is in India only that an English Journalist can be found servile enough to advocate previous restriction on the expression of public opinion through the safe and legitimate organ of a Free Press.—*Hurkaru July 29,*

English Extracts.

TALES OF AN ANTIQUARY.

MASTER ROBERT SHALLOW: A LEGEND OF CLEMENT'S INN.

I was once of Clement's Inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

SHAKSPEARE'S HENRY IV. 2d Part.

ONE of the most interesting features of London, and yet it is one which is rarely contemplated, and still more rarely depicted in story, is that which old Chief Justice Fortescue calls "the Lawyers' University;" or those delightful and sequestered Colleges of the Metropolis, the Inns of Court and Chancery. There is, in the sweet retirement of some of these buildings, especially where they have green-swards, and gardens shadowed by embowering trees, an appearance of calm and quiet leisure, scarcely inferior to that which is visible in those classic quadrangles, erected upon the banks of the Isis, or the Cam. Neither will these schools of jurisprudence lose by such a comparison, even when the celebrated characters are brought forward, who have emanated from those Universities; for, in very many instances down even to the present time, the scholars of the latter have become the students of the former: the Institutes of Coke have succeeded to the Odyssey of Homer, and the Æneid of virgil been supplanted by the "Olde Teners" of Littleton.

Several of these Inns too, were formerly intended as preparatory seminaries for the English Cabinet; since in them, the future Lord-Keeper might acquire such a knowledge of the laws of his country, as should be both ornamental to his character, and essential to his office. In them might the young Secretary, or Ambassador, or Treasurer, receive such an instruction of the foundation and history of the British Constitution, as should enable him to support it's glory untarnished abroad, and preserve it's purity uncorrupted at home; in them too, might the youthful noble, or gallant of gentle blood,—who looked to the Court only as a source of pleasure and honour,—form his manners for his future society; and, as the high authority already cited observes, "learn to dance, sing, and play on instruments; using such exercises as they did who were brought up in the King's Court:" whence, concludes Dugdale, these hostels were denominated Inns of Court.

On all these accounts it may well be questioned whether they would not bear a proud comparison even with a scholastic University; since their windows contain the ensigns, and their records the names, of many a man surpassingly eminent; not in the law only, but also in the wars and history, the discoveries and the literature of his time. The stern and vindictive Hampden studied at an Inn of Court: and looking up that dark winding staircase at the South-eastern angle of Lincoln's Inn, we may reflect that the ambition of Oliver Cromwell had a resting-place in the little gloomy chambers at the top of it. Cross over to the Middle-Temple, and remember that there the brilliant old Chaucer studied; and that there the wise and valiant Sir Walter Raleigh enriched his capacious mind. Turn then to Gray's Inn, and see the ancient residence of Elizabeths wise Treasurer, Cecil; and at New Inn behold the abode of Henry's facetious Chancellor, Moore. But from all these, and from thousands of excellent names besides, it will be worth while to go up the Strand to Clement's Inn, and behold it in the youthful days of Robert Shallow, Esquire, afterwards Justice of Peace in the County of Gloucester, during the time of King Henry IV. Shakspeare, in the Second part of his admirable dramatic history of that Monarch's reign, makes the worthy magistrate frequently allude to his life there, with that mixture of joy and regret, with which in our later years we look back upon the pleasures of our early days. Indeed, if the following tradition be true, and circumstances with which it is adorned would make it appear so, Master Shallow must have enjoyed, to it's fullest extent, his juvenile "Life in London.

In the 31st year of the reign of King Edward III., or, in plainer terms, 1357, Clement's Inn did not present the appearance it now does, of three squares, one of which is occupied by a trim garden, with Lord Clare's beautiful Negro supporting a sun-dial fixed in the middle of it; but it then consisted of a large quadrangle of stone buildings, surrounded by a walk somewhat resembling a cloister, with grass in the centre. The apartments were lighted by all the then known varieties of bay, low, oriel, transom, and architrave windows, terminating in a moderately pointed arch; and they were decorated with armorial ensigns, and a few ancient saints & martyrs, formed of small pieces of deeply-coloured glass leaded together: though more frequently there occurred the figure of the Pontiff St. Clement, to whose honour this Inn and the neighbouring Church were dedicated. At various parts of the quadrangle, tall narrow doors opened to obscure staircases, lighted by much smaller windows or loopholes, which led to chambers almost as gloomy, formed of carved stone, and in some places wainscoated with dark oak.

The house, or messuage, of the Hotel of St. Clement, was, at the period now alluded to, standing alone in grass fields; on the Southernmost side of which, a straggling line of houses indicated the Strand; while through the many and wide spaces between them, the river was observed at a distance, adorned with a few seats of nobles, or eminent ecclesiastics. Through these fields were cut paths to the more important points of connection situate on that side of London where the Inn was built; one narrow road, bounded by hedges, led across from the gate towards the back part of Lincoln's Inn; another solitary lane passed to the Strand to St. Clement's Church; a third rural turning, overshadowed by trees, ran North-westward to the Hospital of St. Giles; and a fourth stretched down to the Middle-Temple Inn, under the government of which the society at St. Clement's was placed. Next the Strand, one end of the Hostel rose into a gable richly crocketed, and surmounted by an ornamental niche wherein stood a tall statue of the patron Saint dressed in his pontificals, and crowned with the Papal tiara and a circle of glory; whilst beneath him, a large window composed of rich tracery, and filled with his saintly history, illuminated one end of the Common Hall, in which the members of the Inn met upon all occasions excepting on those higher festivals of devotion, when they went down to their own Church. From this Hall extended a long line of building, forming the outside of the quadrangle already mentioned, and which closely resembled the interior; while at the other end was the grand front containing the principal gate. It's style of architecture was similar to that of the Hall, excepting that it had a tall square tower, terminated by battlements, placed on either side of the entrance. The arch of the gateway, was large and elaborately carved without, and to deep within, that in it's thickness was a tall narrow portal leading to one of the towers, which formed the dwelling of Gervase Wicket, the Porter; whose duty it was to open the oaken iron-studded gates of the house at sunrise, and to close them at sunset every evening; to watch them during the day; to toll the Inn bell for Matins, Vespers, meals, exercises and convocations in the Hall; and to guide strangers to the chambers of any of his masters. The passage of the gate led immediately into the quadrangle, and turning on the left hand appeared one of the doorways already alluded to, with a scroll of vellum nailed on the door itself, containing these words written in a large black court-hand.

"Vppe these stayres ye schalle fynde yn ye jsto. chawmbre, Maystre Roberte Shallow, Student off ye Lawe yn thys Hostelle, ye wch ys dedycated to ye honoure of ye blessed Saynte Clemente, Pope and Martire: and yn ye ijde. chawmbre ye schall fynde Maystre George Bare, also Studente off ye Lawe yn thys Ynne: and yn ye iijd. chawmbre ye schalle fynde Maystre Frawncis Pickebone, also Studente off ye Lawe: yn ye iiijth, or Turrette Chambre, ye shalle fynde Maystre Wyllyam Squee, and John Doyt, ye whyche lyve togyder in one lodgynge, also Studentes off ye Lawe: and these ben the names of alle them that dwelle vppe these stayres."

In the first floor then, was seated Master Robert Shallow at his judicial studies; for the sunbeams shone through stained-glass windows, upon a folio vellum book bound in red velvet, and written in a strong black lawtext, which was mounted upon a high desk before him. There was not in the whole apartment so singular a piece of furniture as the desk in which the young student was seated; but such as are acquainted with ancient illuminated manuscripts and early typographical works, may have a tolerable conception of it. It was formed of drak brown oak, richly carved into gothic pinnacles, pointed arches, &c.; and in the size was somewhat between a fourposted bedstead and a churchwarden's pew; both of which it very much resembled. It was entered by a side door, and within it were two seats of crimson damask with a double desk placed between them, over which hung a brass lamp; while around it was a sort of lining, or curtain formed of rich tapestry. Above, the erection was carved into large oaken plumes resembling those of a hearse, and the roof was so contrived as to answer the purpose of a bookcase, being filled with large volumes bound in coloured velvet, or embroidered canvass covers. The remainder of the chamber was furnished with an oaken settle, or bedstead, with the few and coarse clothes of the times—although it was then the custom for all ranks to sleep naked,—and an ancient chair or two, with a massive table, a large carved wainscoat press with a few empty flagons, chalices, and trenchers, stood in the back-ground near the enormous chimney.

In this inner study then, sat, Master, Robert Shallow, dressed in a long black robe with a close circular cap; and before him were the ancient Statutes of Westminister, Merton, and Marlebridge, which he was ostensibly reading; though now and then the sun glanced upon a stout little folio manuscript of Chaucer's Poems, at that period, with the exception of Wickliffe's satirical Tracts, and Mathew of Westminister's Flowers of History, the most fashionable and favourite book of the day. Thus was the young Lawyer employed, and in the following manner did he conduct his studies.

"By the bones! I marvel much why this father of mine keeps me mewed up in a dark Inn, to learn cozening and knavery from old lawbooks; when a' should have been at Court a twelvemonth, or an eighteen monhtpas', like a brave gallant; or in France like a true soldier! —Mass! if 'twere not for some swinge-bucklers that I wot of, it were as a good a deed as drink to—'*Capitulo Decimo Sexto.—Murdrum de cætero non adjudicetur coram Justiciariis, ubi infortunium tantummodo*—'Out on't! this is worse than singing the Mass on a winter's morning at day-break, as I was wont at Oxford.—Ho!—ho!—ho!—ho!—ho!—*Purview ensement, que quant Clerke est prise pur sette de felony,*'—if a' be not out of all my wits with this law-jargon I am no true man! My patience is even burnt clean out!—

'There was a Priest in Buckingham,
And a sturdy preist was he;
For he would roar at his own church-door,
And drink till he could not see
And the Pope he said to this sturdy Priest,—'

How now!—who's there at my door?—Out ye losels! am I to be your porter? shall I leave my studies to let in all the knaves that would come to jape the hours away?—'*De wreck de mere accorde que*——'What, Falstaff? my valiant Page, how fare ye?—Ah! what my heart of St. Giles! Hugh Evans? where's they divinity, my son of St. David? Cog's bones, my boys! we'll make a day on't, and the foul fiend may take the '*Statutum de Merton, Editum Anno Vicesimo Henrici Tercii.*' for his own reading.—We'll call down the Corinthian lads above and then,—Southward ho!—

'The lark is up in the matin sky,
And he singeth aloud as he soars on high,
For over the earth he loveth to fly,
All in the blue spring morning.'"

The company which called forth this effusion of joy and jollity on the part of Master Shallow, were John Falstaff, afterwards knighted, but then a Page in the service of Sir Thomas Mowbray; and Hugh Evans, then a young Welsh Student of Divinity, in the Hospital of St. Giles, and subsequently a Person at Windsor. They were both of them dear associates of Shallow; for in their society he could enjoy his fancy for gaiety to the utmost, without any fear of being checked for it's exuberance, even by the young Priest, who on such occasions merely looked with a ludicrous solemnity, or made some grave remark with such perverseness of language, that either of them served only to increase the merriment.

As Shallow concluded his shout of welcome, he went to a door in the back of the chamber and called to his servant, Gabriel Shortwit, to bring up his cloak, and his sword, and his cap and feather, and his books of music and sonnets, and then to summon from their chambers the four other worthies who inhabited the floors above him.

"And so, my lads of gold!" began Falstaff, as they were waiting, "we shall to it again; into the world as if there were neither law, nor divinity, nor nobility to bridle the—though, o' my faith boys, ye would corrupt a saint. I shall in a little be even like the rest of ye. And you, Master Evans, thou cockatrice of St. Giles! you must play the priest o' the wrong side, must ye?"

"Passione of her heart!" cried Evans, "I do desire that you, Master Page Falstaff, shall remember, and recollect, and reflections; look you, that I do go to watch, and to oversee, and to preservation your walks and your paths, look you."

"Master Shallow, hark you to his foul logic; and yet it is even as he saith," answered Falstaff—"What; shall we disport ourselves without our Priest?—Nay,—nay.—Doth he not live by our sins? Good!—if we sin not, how doth he live?—Aye, marry, answer me that I pray you? Shall we then kill our Priest for lack of means for his life?—Go to,—no!—that were foul murdrum, Master Shallow.—No, our Priest shall live, and we will live;—say I not well, Master Shallow?"

"As I am an honest man, it is goot discretions that is in your mind, Master Falstaff But now, I shall desire, and pray you, that you will not get you to-day into no prawls, and rioting, and prabbles; but I shall beseech you to remember to take your Sack, and your Sherris, and your Canaries, and your—but I do see here is come our consorts."

As he ceased speaking, Shortwit entered the room bowing in Master George Bare, a tall, gaunt man, with a thick black bush of hair round his face; Mr. Francis Pickbone, also a tal

(Continued in the Second Sheet.)

BOMBAY.—PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE *PROPRIETORS*, AT THE GAZETTE PRESS, No. 10, MILITARY SQUARE, BY *THOMAS RIGBY*.

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THE BOMBAY GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, 20TH AUGUST 1828.

(Continued from the Gazette.)

slender man, whose limbs were as if they had been attached to wires continually shaking, and whose face possessed a great expression of vacancy, with a conceited laugh continually mantling upon it, Master John Doit, a short, stout, important, and bustling figure and Master Willian Squele, a talkative empty-headed coxcomb.

For awhile all the discourse was gratulations and compliments; till at length Shallow said —"But, my Masters, we burn daylight, 'tis now near nine of the clock, and we shall scarcely reach the Cardinal's Hat, on the Bank, by an honest dinner-time. Shortwit, do you go down to the Hall when the Commons are cut, and bring my trencher above; and look ye do the same by these gentlemen, for we shall come back roaring hungry; and, dost hear varlet?—let me have no prating of our purposes; if the Ancient ask of us,—our grandmothers are taken with the quinsey, and we are gone to visit them. Oh! good, my sword! So, —now my cittern slung over it, and now my gown, which hideth all.—But, my Masters, we must not depart on foote,—no,—go, to; old Wicket would peer me into the matter. Mass now how shall it be?"

"Why thus, Bully Shallow," replied Bare; "Falstaff and Evans are past all compare the worst of us, excepting thee, who art, to speak truely, the Great Divil of Clements.—go to, then, they shall go first and take the road to the Temple, and there let them boat me over to the Bank.—Then shall little John here, and our Cotswold champion, go me down the Strand-lane, and embarque me at Milford; and lastly, thou and I will go towards Lincoln's Inn, and then walk to the Temple, where we shall cover it fairly and follow our consorts. Will't catch, Master Shallow?—said I well, boy?"

"Good, very good, very excellent good!" returned Shallow; "thou shalt be a Corinthian Civilian, the counsel of all good boys, the oracle of swinge-bucklers:—but about it, lads,—about it:—and remember, our watch-word is Hem! boys."

This rabble route of St. Clement's then began to depart in the order so ingeniously devised by Master Bare; and speedily getting into different wherries, were carried over to the far-famed Bankside. One of the most celebrated houses of entertainment then on the Bank, bore the sign of the "Cardinal's Hat," and was kept by Mistress Jane Nightwork, assisted by Mistress Quickly, who about forty years afterwards, removed to the famous Boar's-Head tavern, in Eastcheap. The houses of Bankside were short and miserable buildings, standing out a little distance from the edge of the river, and having signs exposed upon their fronts, rudely delineated upon white boards. Before the doors were stout oaken seats and tables, for such as visited the place to enjoy a view of the Thames; and a low railing, with several long dirty stairs and passages to the water, was erected at the extremity of the bank. When Shallow and his companions had crossed the river, and were once more re-assembled they took the road to the Cardinal's Hat; and as they drew near it, observed that, on one of the benches in front of the house, there was seated a man in a party-coloured dress, using the most extravagant gestures, and laughing, singing, and talking loudly to the Hostess.

As Falstaff was the foremost of the party, for he had then only a small portion of that rotundity which he afterwards possessed, he cried out to his comrades, "Bones o' me boys! but here's one worth a whole college of witlings like ye: Master Bawble, the Mayor's Jester, one who has more quips, and japes, and cranks, and catches, than the King's own Fool himself. By St. Thomas! but I'm gladder than if I'd forty shillings." This respectable personage now perceived their approach, and according to the custom of his tribe,—for which they were so vehemently condemned by an author of the sixteenth century,—ran towards them with the most ridiculous postures, and embraced the Page, singing and talking the whole time,—

"Hey, Friar, Tuck!—Ho! Friar Tuck!
Who are thy followers brave?"

Why, how now, mad wag?" said Falstaff, struggling under the Jester's accolade: "Dost mean to smother me? We play not the Morris dance now, Master Bawble, nor am I now Friar Tuck. Nay, it boots not speaking sense to the gosling, and as Solomon saith in his *Proverbia*, '*Responde stulto juxta stultitiam suam, ne sibi sapiens esse videatur*:'—so, here's to him in his own tongue:—

'Traveller, traveller, thou should'st know,
Robin Hood by his stout yew-bow;
Scarlet, by his mantle sheen;
Marian, by her kirtle green;
Tukeley, by his bugle blast;
Much, by the flour around him cast;
For he is the dusty millers's son,
And there is valiant Little John.'

"But now, good Master Bawble, I pray you to know all these mine excellent friends; all Corinthian lads! all good boys! all swinge-bucklers of the first water! Here is Master Robert Shallow, the very prince of St, Clement's;—then here is black Master George Bare, the star of all good fellowship;—then here is little Master John Doit, the mirror of roaring boys of the West;—then here is Master Francis Pickbone, the brightest gallant of all the Inns of Court;—then comes Master William Squele, the Cotswold Colbrand;—and lastly, here is Master Hugh Evans, a Welch Rabbin of St. Giles."

During this introduction the Jestes curvetted from one to another with a thousand antics; and as he embraced every new companion, he looked over his shoulder with an irresistible comicality of feature, and twisted his own countenance into an exaggerated likeness of the person whom he saluted. Nor was his merriment confined to actions only; for each separate person, he had some quaint or whimsical expressions, as—"Master Shallow, I desire to live *deep* in your worship's remembrance,—them turning aside, with a most grotesque visage, hemming,—

"Begone, said she, for Oh! that face
Betrays thy shallow heart and mind."

Black Master Bare, let me stand in your *fair* memory.—

He cover'd his corpse in a warm black gown,
But as for his *head*,—it was *bare*,—quite *bare*;
As for his head, it was *bare*!

Master John Doit,—

'Then the King of Thessaly, of Thessaly, of Thessaly,
Did vow that such a fool as he,
No man had ever seen.'

Master Squele, I pray you call me your intimate. I do much desire your acquaintance; Master Pickbone, you are well in *flesh*, good sir.—Good Master Hugh Evans,—your blessing in Welsh."

"Passions of my heart, and why not in Latin, or in English, look you, Master Mayor's Jester?"

"Even for this reason, most excellent Cadwallader of St. Giles's; all things must speak after their own tongue, as Lillyhaldo, the Portingale Pedlar, said to King Azias. Your goat bleats, and your sheep baes, and your dog barks, your dog never bleats, neither doth your sheep bark, nor your goat bae;—even so thou speakest Welsh, or Goat's tongue; thou speakest not English, or Lion's tongue; nor Latin, or Eagle's tongue; therefore, most worthy Sir Hugh, bless me in Welsh, that the Saints may understand thy meaning."

"If you were not an ass, and a knave, and a pied-coated Jester, I would knock thy mad-witted pate on the pank piles, look you."

"What! Master Evans, a man of peace, quarrelling with a Jester on the Bankside! Bestir thee, man, here's better metal," exclaimed Falstaff,—"A capon and sack,—pig and stewed prunes, and merry boys to help thee eat them."

"Fall to, then, my Masters," cried Shallow; "come Bawble, sit by me; and we'll in for a Catch anon; and Master Hugh will lay down his choler and join us when the Canary hath mounted."

For a time the jollity, even of this whimsical assembly, was exchanged for a silent despatch of the viands before them, although Bawble still played a few practical jokes upon the trenchers, and the meat of his nearest neighbours, similar to those exhibited by the modern imitators of such Jesters, the Clowns of Pantomime. At length, when the repast was concluded, and all the inspiring liquors of that day stood before the party in oaken tankards, leathern jugs, ancient latten beakers, and some silver cups, Bawble suddenly burst out with,—

"Merry men, merry men, merry men are we!
Empty heads are lightest,—jolly shall we be:
Dusty lore, writ of yore,—they who read shall find,
Clouds the brain, and leaves a train of cobweb in the mind.
Merry men,—merry men, merry men are we?

"Well sung, Master Bawble? here's a health for that song," said Bare, drinking a large libation of sack; in which he was joined by Squele, Doit, and Pickbone, whose presence seemed to be marked only by the idle laughs which they uttered, and the quantity of liquor which they consumed; indeed the latter was performing it's office so rapidly, that their laughs speedily became less and less frequent, and their heads fell nearer and nearer to the table.

"Shallow," said Falstaff, as he saw the situation of his comrades; "Say on, Bully-Rook," replied the young Student: "Thou see'st these howlets winking and cowering under their drink; Mass! now, if 'twere not a good jape upon them for thou and I to withdraw ourselves to old Michael Doubletoll, the Miller's in Saint George's Fields, and leave the fool here with these brainless sots in pawn for the reckoning. Out on't! they cannot take their competations, without turning them off to sleep it out when they are filled, like very swine."

"It is goot discretions to say so," returned Evans; "and I will bear you company, Master Page Falstaff, and excellent Master Shallow."

"Well then lads," returned Shallow, "steal away as if ye were walking upon felt. By the bones, they will stare me when they shall awake from their sottish slumber! Up up! for the way is a foul one, through marshes and swamps; but old Doubletoll has a merry heart, and half the bravest gallants of London go to be jovial at his Mill, and hire his good horses."

The trio now withdrew in silence, unmarked by any but Mistress Nightwork and Bawble; the latter of whom, however, was too much occupied with examining the interiors of the drinking vessels to offer any opposition to their motions, and the Hostess of the Cardinal's Hat was sufficiently satisfied with the young lawyers who were left, to hinder them that were departing.

The Windmill of St. George's fields, which was a very popular resort of the Toms and Jerrys of a former day, was a large wooden erection, which stood alone in those immense marshes, a short distance from the main-road leading from London to Fauques-hall, at that time the seat of Edward the Black Prince. It was built in a narrow, conical form, extremely high, and was furnished with very long, wedge-shaped sails. The windows were small, and at a considerable height in the building; and the door was of solid oak, arched over, and ascended by a long sweeping ladder. For the interior, Rembrandt, who learned his magical style of lighting up his pictures from the obscurity prevalent in his father's mill would alone be able to delineate it's striking effect. On one side, a large and wide arch, in which hung a brazen cresset, led to a flight of winding stairs, lighted by loop-holes, which passed to the upper apartments and works of the mill, and under this arch—for the centre of the building was occupied with the machinery and flour-sacks,—were placed a massive carved oaken table, with a settle of the same, and an enormous fire-place; and here it was that Gabriel Doubletoll, the Miller, held his merry meetings, in which good wine and boisterous mirth usually compensated for the want of the more convenient appendages of a tavern.

When Master Robert and his companions arrived at the Mill, the day was wearing fast into the afternoon; and the sky, which till then had been peculiarly fair and bright, was growing lurid, and exhibiting all the signs of a latent storm, which might be expected to fall about sunset. "Mass!" said Shallow looking at the splendid clouds which were rolling up in the South, "'twill be a foul even after so fair a day, Master Falstaff, my waggish Page! So what say ye my boys, to a ride through the night-storm, all three of us together, on one of old Doubletoll's blind mill-horses?"

"Marry, no! Gossip Shallow," returned Falstaff, "I'll e'en shroud me in the Mill till morning, for your double riding-knights have all been hanged or burned these ten years.—Bones o' me! his honour, Sir Thomas, will not have such unreason, as to think that I shall leave mine enjoyment with mine host of Saint George's Mill, to wade back to him through a marsh in a foul night, and be smothered by Friar Rush:—No, my masters, it would be an unchristian act to leave good for evil.—What say you, Master Evans?"

"It is fery truly spoken, Master Page Falstaff; put poys, let us into the Mill, for I do perceive that mine Host has a pottle-pot of Sack and sugar, and Canaries, and goot burnt wines, and many other excellencies."

"Say'st thou so, young cockerell," answered Falstaff, "then on to the breach, lads: here we should be as bold as lions, or a cudgel-player at a May-game. In—In!"

As they entered, they were met with considerable pleasure by a short stout man, whom they all saluted with equal gratification, as the Miller and Landlord. He was dressed in a sort of coarse brown tunic and kirtle, which hung to his knees, and his legs below were cased in grey frieze, which fitted close to his shape; whilst round, untanned leathern shoes covered his feet. At his girdle he wore a seal's skin pouch, a case of brass-hafted knives, and a stout dagger, hilted with the same metal. Upon his head was an almost shapeless conical hat of light brown skin, but Oh! the face beneath it!—by the lord, sir, as Macklin used to say, it was prodigious!—it was as if a lion in his fiercest rage had suddenly changed colour; his mane turning to a black bush of grizzled hair, and his features becoming red, without his physiognomy being in the least altered. Such, from generous living and continual brawling, was the appearance of Gabriel Doubletoll, the Miller of St. George's-fields.

When his guests entered, he seized upon them as old intimates, with the warmest, but at the same time the roughest welcomes; and they were all speedily engaged in a spirited discussion of the Miller's sparkling cordials. "By St. Thomas!" began Shallow, taking off his cittern and rapier, "but I'm glad to be with tall men at last; men who can empty me a two-quarter beaker and not look muzzling after it, nor be overthrown like a country milk-maid. Oh! your good trowler of his pottle loves to meet with men of their hands; with companions good at all a tosspot's weapons, bowl, rapier, and cittern, and a stout voice in a Catch. Come, Master Miller, and you my merry boys, let's roar out the 'Good fellows' Round."

"Master Shallow," returned Evans, "I shall tell you what is new come into my prain,—and pless us! goot Saint Chiles! how it does rain and plaster in the dark efening. Fell, my master, I do think fe are not so piety as fe ought to have, in so—by'r Lady! it is a foeful night, and—"

"What now, Mandragora?" cried Falstaff, "why man, keep up thine heart, and here's that will keep out the storm: send about the flagon, Master Doubletoll; on with more faggots and now for the Catch. Fancy it thy pricksong or thy mettel, my little craven Evans, and sing out bravely," They then commenced the following Catch, the point of which consisted in every man calling, and being called, knave, in his turn.

Shall. "Sing we the good fellows roundelay,
And I the cittern will blithely play.
Falst. I'll sing tenor,
Evans. The treble for me.
Shall. And what shall the bass of our music be,
Doublet. The wintry wind as it rushes and roars,
At the windows, and roof, and the well-fasten'd doors;
Falst. But the Wine, and the Sack, and Canary are bright,
They are good-fellows' stars that shine out through the night,
You're a knave if you quit them till morning.
Shall. to Falst. You're a knave!
Doublet. to Evans. You're a knave!
Evans, to Shall. You're a knave!—*look you?*
Omnes. He's a knave who forsakes them till morning."

In this jovial manner passed the hours, till night had overspread a sky that had long been dark and lowering. When the sun set, it was almost invisible through the thick and deep purple atmosphere which covered it; excepting where in long streaks of brightly-coloured gold, it shone out between the partings of it's veil, in the forms of rich cities and brilliant mountains; or where it's reflections were cast upon the edges of the other floating masses of clouds which sailed about the sky. In some places, before the storm began, which Evans had been so much alarmed at, long lines of deep purple appeared drawn through the air, greatly resembling alligators or lizards with many legs, and here and there a branch seemed to issue out of them, and pass off into the space beyond.

When the tempest began to rage, which immediately after sunset it did with the greatest fury the whole party,—excepting Evans, who evinced considerable fear by ejaculating mutilated Latin prayers, and fragments of psalms,—continued to roar louder and louder, and finally commenced their favourite over again. As they came a second time to the accusatory part of the song, the Mill-door was suddenly burst open, and Bare, Doit, Squele, and Pickbone, dripping with wet, and having their rapiers drawn, rushed in, railing furiously at their comrades for their desertion, and crying out, "Ye say truly, ye are all knaves together."

All but Evans had out their weapons in a moment, and as they were equally warmed with wine and equally matched, a very pretty piece of sword-and-dagger play might have followed, but at that instant trampling of horses' feet was heard in the Mill-yard; the glare of several torches gleamed up the steps, and a young man immediately entered the building, habited in a tight dress of black with a rich hood upon his head, and short thick boots mounted with very large carved iron spurs, upon his feet. In one hand he held an ivory riding-wand, and the other supported a large black outer robe, which, as well as all the rest of his dress, was miserably stained with travelling in so stormy a night. As he entered the Mill, with his attendants every voice but that of Evans, and the Miller, ejaculated "Master William Gascoigne, by the bones!"

This dreaded individual,—who was subsequently created a Knight, and is so well known as that eminent Lord Chief Justice, whose name is so intimately connected with the life and reign of King Henry V.,—was at that time an Utter-Barrister of the Middle Temple, and Visiter of St. Clement's Inn. When Gascoigne entered, all were immediately reduced to as much order as intoxicated and quarrelling men could suddenly assume; for though he was the junior of nearly every one present, yet his sedate manners, and profound legal knowledge, had already introduced him to the high favour of King Edward III.; and he was likewise greatly respected at his own Inn of the Middle Temple, from which he was nominated a Sub-governor over their tributary Hostel at St. Clement's. All in the Mill, therefore, started at Gascoigne's entrance: some from the knowledge of what he would do, and the fear of what he might do; and the others because they observed the effect which his presence had upon their inebriated companions.

His first words were pronounced in a loud and commanding tone, "In the name of our Lord King Edward, I charge ye all to drop your weapons, before I order my Apparitors to arrest you." The rapiers and daggers were resigned in a moment, and every one awaited in silence his further speech. "How, gentles!" he at length began in a milder voice, looking round him with blended surprise and anger, "some of ye are of St. Clement's Inn! how came ye here, sirs? Is this the way, Master Shallow, and you other Students, to learn the King's laws by breaking them, or to practise the laws of virtue by brawling in your cups at midnight, in a dishonest and lonely Mill? Shame on ye, shame on ye! How would this guilt have been concealed, if fortune had not driven me, stormbeaten, on my return from his Highness Prince Edward, at Fauqueshall, to seek shelter here? but now it cometh forth, and on all over whom I possess any authority shall penance fall. And what are thou?" continued he, addressing Evans.

"Even, goot Master Filliam Gascoigne, a poor Welsh Student of Definity at St. Chiles's Hospital."

And a most wretched practiser of what thou studiest," replied Gascoigne, "what says thy Psalterium? '*Beati sunt vir qui ambulant.*

"Oh! yes, in teet, it is fery goot remembrances," interrupted Evans,—

"That man for ever blest shall be,
Who doth the sinner's haunts eschew!
The scoffer's chair his feet do flee,
Put pious actshus loves to do.'—

It is all in my prain, and I will sing the rest if, hur please."

"Let it live in thine heart and life," said Gascoigne turning from him to Falstaff, "Sir Thomas Mowbray's Page, Master Falstaff, as I guess?"

"The same honoured Master Gascoigne," re-

turned he, "'tis a name I will never deny, for 'twill yet be famous in England till a far distant age, and I'll make it so!"

"It must be by a far different course of life from this then; else perchance even I may live to condemn thee for thy neglect of all honest manners; thy despite of all virtuous counsel. But the storm has now howled itself to rest: I leave ye with an assurance that this night's brawling shall be answered; and I leave four of mine Apparitors to watch your courses: more shall immediately follow them from Lomdon, and until they come, ye are prisoners here." He then departed, and "a night of stupid repentance," as Falstaff said, "followed a day of gallant enjoyment."

Early in the morning the Apparitors conducted each of them home, and Gascoigne kept his word with all; for the Miller was imprisoned, as his character was notorious; the Law-students were fined; Falstaff was suspended by his patron, and Evans macerated by a long penance of fasting. Master Shallow never forgot this adventure; and Shakspeare relates, that fifty-five years afterwards, when he was an Esquire, and a Justice of the Peace in Glouc ester-shire, under King Henry IV., he said to Falstaff, then Sir John, who was levying soldiers in that Country,—"Do you remember since we lay all night in the Windmill in St. George's Fields?"

LORD GRENVILLE'S PAMPHLET ON THE SINKING FUND.

Of the Statesmen of this country of a certain standing, Lord Grenville ranks perhaps the highest. He possesses unquestionably more knowledge than any other Member of the Peerage, but his acquisitions only stimulate him to further exertions. He is always open to conviction, and his extensive knowledge and experience of the difficulties in the way of arriving at truth, have taught him a lesson which many of his compeers have yet to learn—the necessity of having his mind constantly open to the force of fresh arguments. In this respect, his Lordship possesses a great advantage over Lord Grey. The latter seems to belong to the age in which he acted a conspicuous part, and to be unwilling to believe that he can add to his knowledge. Lord Grenville, on the contrary, seems to think, that whatever may be the stock of information possessed by a man on any subject, he is never justified in refusing to open his mind to more correct views.

In the following extracts from his Lordship's Pamphlet on the Sinking Fund, published yesterday, we have a striking exemplification of that candour and that desire to arrive at the soundest conclusions for which his Lordship is distinguished. The following are extracts:

"I may appear, on one point of considerable importance, guilty of some injustice—certainly I intended none—towards the authors of the Act of 1786.—I have omitted to notice here but I had meant to have dwelt much upon it in a subsequent part of my work, that the principle of unlimited accumulation was expressly excluded from that law, by a provision which limited to four millions the Sinking Fund then established. A wise precaution, shewing an early and just apprehension of the evils since felt from an opposite policy!"

We think it proper to give the whole of his Lordship's

INTRODUCTION.

"When politicians tell us of the unrivalled uniformity of their opinions and conduct, one is tempted sometimes to ask by what supernatural power they were gifted in their cradle with infallibility. To fallible men small would be the praise of having retained through life, on the most important subjects, a judgment, unimproved by cultivation or exercise, untaught by experience, and of every advance in science utterly regardless. Far more estimable in themselves, and unmeasurably more beneficial to mankind, are those qualities which lead men conversant in government and legislation both to the ready abandonment of error, and to its undisguised avowal.

"Such is the justification, if any justification can be requisite, of the total change of sentiment which is expressed in the following essay. Few measures have been more largely applauded than the Act of Parliament which established, in 1786, a Sinking Fund for the reduction of our National Debt. The writer of these pages was himself a party to the too sanguine hopes of those who framed and proposed that law; confidently believing it one of the greatest services which could then be rendered to their country. To that opinion he long adhered; and even now, after the lapse of more than forty years, he feels it still painful to renounce so flattering a persuasion. But the interests of truth and science are paramount to all such considerations; and he who was formerly among the warmest advocates of a Sinking Fund, is, on that account, the more strongly bound to avow, on every fit occasion, the distrust which he now entertains of its efficacy and real benefit. This is the true consistency of public duty.

"Such an occasion now presents itself. After repeated changes made in the Act of 1786, the State has been once more driven avowedly to support its Sinking Fund by borrowing;" policy which is, in fact, though not in name, a virtual suspension of the whole system; and Parliament, pressed by fresh difficulties and doubts, is expected now to pronounce definitively on the re-establishment, modifications, or abandonment, of that important measure. Under these circumstances, some advantage may possibly be derived from an attempt, however imperfect, to examine separately, each upon its own grounds, the most prominent among the many topics which that deliberation must embrace."

In the subsequent pages of his Pamphlet, Lord Grenville applies himself to prove, that no Sinking Fund can answer the proposed end, in the absence of an effective surplus revenue.—"The veriest prodigal," his Lordship remarks, "may annually discharge a part of what he owes; but if, on the whole, he expends within the year much more than he receives, will find at the close, his incumbrances not lessened, but considerably increased." "To reduce debt by borrowing to the same amount on terms of equal or greater disadvantage," he afterwards remarks, "is a manifest fiction in finance." He then proceeds to argue that these principles are in opposition to those on which our present Sinking Fund is conducted. Of the Fund itself we are told—

"The failure of its original surplus was, in the very first moment of returning war supplied by borrowing; and we have, ever since that time, to greater or less amount, and in various, though sometimes not easily intelligible forms borrowed again, with little intermission, throughout its whole continuance. This indeed was its natural and necessary course, and this the very principle of its existence. By no other means than these could its operations, such as they are prescribed by law, have been carried on during this long period of difficulty and pressure. The facts are here stated therefore without any, the most distant, purpose of censure or reproach on those under whose councils the system has been thus administered. Far otherwise. The course pursued was of the essence of the measure to which it was applied. The avowed principles of that measure were, and still are, that the operations of the Fund which it established shall be continued in war, no less than in peace, and that its consequent deficiencies shall be made good by borrowing. Take from it this support, feeble as it is, and the whole fabric crumbles into the dust.

"More than a century ago, and in the very outset of a Sinking Fund, its first authors adopted this expedient as an essential part of their system. And, at a later period, Dr. Price, whose suggestions so powerfully contributed to its revival, founded on the same basis all his hopes of its promised utility. Periods of public distress, he contended, would, by the depression of the funds, accelerate its operation; and he even brought himself to believe, that the rate of interest on which the State might thence forth borrow money, would thus become comparatively indifferent. 'For the higher the interest,' he says, 'the sooner would such a fund pay off the principal;'—the more violent the fever, the greater would be the power of the medicine to relieve it! This theory, self-evident as he imagined it, completely erroneous as it now appears, he urged with ceaseless vehemence, leading with reproach the Government and Legislature of his country, by whom these vain imaginations had been, after some experience of them, for nearly half a century utterly renounced. 'The Sinking Fund, he says,' was established in 1761, and began its operations in 1719. It was at first strictly appropriated to the reduction of debt; 'and so well,' he adds, 'did our Ministers then understand the nature and importance of this Fund' that rather than encroach upon it, they frequently borrowed money to defray the necessary expences of Government.' In other words, they frequently supported their Sinking Fund by borrowing surpluses, and this not in war only, but in peace. They seem to have thought it no contradiction to increase debt in the very moments of professing to reduce it.

"Let then my reader determine for himself, on the facts brought to his recollection, what proportion of the war taxes, as they were then termed—how much of the income tax for instance, or of the property Tax, was really levied, not for the maintenance of a war, whose maintenance would have justified any sacrifice, but to uphold during that war a system which superadded to its pressure this great mass of unnecessary burthen. Thus much at least is evident, that all the expences of that war might still have been defrayed, and all its efforts made, with equal, I should rather say, with much more vigour and effect, had either these additional taxes, been spared to us by an earlier discontinuance of a system, from which we were at last driven by the unavoidable, but so long unforeseen and unimagined necessity!"

MONEY-MARKET and CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Wednesday Evening.

Letters of the 24th ult. were received last night from Vienna by an express, which also brought despatches for the Austrian Ambassador. Until that day it appears that the determination of Russia to engage in seperate hostilities with the Porte was unknown in Vienna, and that intelligence of it was received nearly at the same time from St. Petersburgh and by the official communication from Lisbon on the part of Prince Esterhazy, to whom Prince Lieven, by permission of his Government, gave the information at the same time that he laid it before Lord Dudley. The news produced less sensation in Vienna than in any other European capital where it is known to have arrived. The price of the Austrian metalliques fluctuated a good deal, but finally recovered, and left off at 90, which was the quotation of that stock previous to the receipt of the information. In Bank stock the depression was not quite overcome, it having fallen from 1,038 to 1,029, and left off at 1,033; but this, in fact, is only a decline of 5 per *mille*, or ½ per cent., and nothing like alarm evidently, on the score of politics, among the merchants and capitalists of Vienna.

Consols declined about ¼ per cent. this morning on the circulation of a report that the Russian army had actually crossed the Pruth. A statement to that effect appears, indeed, in the Paris papers of Monday, received by express; but it is entitled to very little credit in the estimation of well-informed persons. Consols, however, did not rally, but left off at 84⅝.

Scarcely any business has been transacted in the Foreign Stock Exchange, but prices are quoted nominally somewhat lower, on account of the fall which has taken place in Consols.

There has been little movement as yet in the Corn market in consequence of the new bill. Wheat has been in demand at an advance of 1s. per quarter on last Wednesday's prices, and the sale of free corn of all sorts has been better, it being evident that no more of foreign growth can come to market under the proposed bill, an ill considerable advance on the present prices has taken place.—*Times 3rd April.*

The celebrated Edmund Burke was one of the members appointed by the House of Commons to enforce the charges of crime against Mr. Warren Hastings, and one day, when he had been pouring out all his splendid talents in a rich display of oratory against the accused, he addressed the splendid assembly of peers, ladies, and gentlemen, before him, in the following terms:—"When I look round this glorious circle, bright with all that is high in rank, all that is powerful in talent, all that is amiable in virtue, all that is brilliant in beauty, and then turn my eyes to the criminal at the bar, my mind is convulsed with horror, and I sicken at the sight." The orator then placed his hands on the table before him, and dropped his head into them, as if overwhelmed by the dreadful contemplation. On coming out of Westminster-hall, after this splendid oration, Burke could not find his carriage, and Lord Yarborough's having just drawn up, the Peer offered to take him home. The ebullition of Burke's mind had not subsided, and on the way, without considering the indelicacy of appealing to one who was ultimately to pronounce judgment in the case, he proceeded to re-urge the arguments of his speech on his noble auditor, concluding with the eager inquiry. "Do you not think this man a great criminal?" Lord Yarborough, whose correctness of intellect was known to all who had the opportunity of knowing him, immediately answered, —"Burke, all I can say at present is, that either you or Hastings deserves to be hanged; but I cannot now tell which of the two."—*Verulam.*

THE LAST HOURS OF WASHINGTON.

(From Custis' Recollections, and Private Memoirs of the Life and Character of Washington.)

Twenty-eight years have passed since an interesting group were assembled in the death room, and witnessed the last hours of Washington. So keen and unsparing hath been the scythe of Time, that of all those who watched over the Patriarch's couch, on the 13th and 14th of December, 1799, but a single personage survives.

On the morning of the 12th, the General was engaged in making some improvement in front of Mount Vernon. As was usual with him, he carried his own compass, noted his observations, and marked out the ground. The day became rainy, with sleet, and the improver remained so long exposed to the inclemency of the weather, as to be considerably wetted before his return to the house. About one o'clock he was seized with chilliness and nausea, but having changed his clothes he sat down to his in-door work, there being no moment of his time for which he had not provided an appropriate employment.

At night, on joining his family circle, the General complained of a slight indisposition, and, after a single cup of tea, repaired to his library, where he remained writing until between 11 and 12 o'clock. Mrs. Washington retired about the usual family hour, but becoming alarmed at not hearing the accustomed sound of the library door, as it closed for the night, and gave signal for rest in the well-regulated mansion, she rose again, and continued sitting up, in much anxiety and suspense. At length the well-known step was heard on the stair, and upon the General's entering his chamber the lady chided him for staying up so late, knowing himself to be unwell; to which Washington made this memorable reply; "I came so soon as my business was accomplished. You well know that through a long life it has been my unvaried rule never to put off till the morrow the duties which should be performed, to-day."

Having first covered up the fire with care, the man of mighty labours sought repose; but it came not as it had long been wont to do, to comfort and restore, after the many and earnest occupations of the well-spent day. The night was passed in feverish restlessness and pain. "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," was destined no more to visit his couch; yet the manly sufferer uttered no complaint, would permit no one to be disturbed in their rest on his account, and it was only at day-break he would consent that the overseer might be called in, and bleeding resorted to. A vein was opened, but without affording relief. Couriers were despatched to summon Dr. Craik, the family Physician, and Drs. Dick & Brown, as consulting Physicians, all of whom came with speed. The proper remedies were administered, but without producing their healing effects, while the patient, yielding to the anxious looks of all around him, waived his usual objection to medicines, and took those which were prescribed, without hesitation or remark. The medical gentlemen spared not their skill, and all the resources of their art were exhausted in unwearied endeavours to preserve this noblest work of nature.

The night approached—the last night of Washington; the weather became severely cold; while the group gathered nearer to the couch of the sufferer, watching, with intense anxiety, for the slightest dawning of hope. He spoke but little. To the respectful and affectionate inquiries of an old family servant, as she smoothed down his pillow, how he felt himself, he answered "I am very ill." To Dr. Craik, his earliest companion in arms, longest tried and bosom friend, he observed; "I am dying Sir—but am not afraid to die." To Mrs. Washington, he said: "Go to my escritoire, and in the private drawer you will find two papers—bring them to me." They were brought. He continued: "These are my wills—preserve this one, and burn the other," which was accordingly done. Calling to Colonel Lear, he directed: "Let my corpse be kept for the usual period of three days."

Here we would beg leave to remind our readers, that in a former part of this work we have said that Washington was old fashioned in much of his habits and manners, and in some of his opinions; nor was he the less to be admired on this account. The custom of keeping the dead for the scriptural period of three days, is derived from remote antiquity, and arose, not from fear of premature interment, as in more modern times but from motives of veneration towards the deceased; for the better enabling the relatives and friends to assemble from a distance, to perform the funeral rites; for the pious watchings of the corps, and for many sad, yet endearing ceremonials with which we delight to pay our last duties to the remains of those we have loved.

The patient bore his acute suffering with manly fortitude, and perfect resignation to the Divine will, while, as the night advanced, it became evident that he was sinking, and he seemed fully aware that his "hour was nigh." He enquired the time, and it was answered, a few moments to twelve. He spoke no more—the hand of death was upon him, and he was conscious that his "hour was come." With surprising self possession, he prepared to die. Composing his form at length, and folding his arms upon his bosom, without a sign, without a groan, the Father of his Country expired gently, as though an infant died. No pang, nor struggle told when the noble spirit took its noiseless flight; while so tranquil appeared the manly features in the repose of death, that some moments had passed ere those around could believe that the Patriarch was no more.

It may be asked, and why was the Ministry of religion wanting to shed its peaceful and benign lustre upon the last hours of Washington? Why was he, to whom the observances of sacred things were ever primary duties through life, without their consolations in the last moment? We answer, circumstances did not permit. It was but for a little while that the disease assumed so threatening a character as to forbid the encouragement of hope; yet, to stay that summons which none may refuse, to give still farther days to him whose "time-honoured life" was so dear to mankind, prayer was not wanting to the Throne of Grace. Close to the couch of the sufferer, resting her head upon that ancient book with which she had been wont to hold pious communion, a portion of every day, for more than half a century, was the venerable consort, absorbed in silent prayer, and from which she only arose when the mourning group prepared to bear her from the chamber of the dead. Such were the last hours of Washington.

HEIDEGGER.

The late facetious Duke of Montagu gave an entertainment at the Devil Tavern, Temple Bar, to several noblemen and gentlemen; selecting the most convivial, and a few hard drinkers. Heidegger the Swiss, who was so long the *Arbiter Elegantiarum* of the metropolis, was invited; and in a few hours after dinner, was so much inebriated, that he was carried out of the room, and laid insensible upon a bed. A profound sleep ensued; when an artist was introduced who took a mould from his face in plaster of Paris. From this a mask was made; and a few days before the next masquerade at the King's Theatre a species of entertainment which had risen into great repute under the superintendence of Heidegger, the Duke of Montagu made application to Heidegger's valet de chambre, to know what suit of clothes he was likely to wear; and then procuring a similar dress, and a person of the same stature, he gave him his instructions how to act. The masquerade was honoured by the presence of the king. As soon as his majesty was seated, being always known to the conductor of the entertainment, though concealed by his dress from the company, Heidegger ordered the music to play "God save the King;" but his back was no sooner turned, than the false Heidegger ordered them to strike up "*O'er the Water to Charlie.*" The whole company were instantly thunderstruck; and all the courtiers not in the plot were in the most stupid consternation. Heidegger flew to the musical gallery in a violent rage, and accused the musicians of drunkenness, or of being set on by some secrete enemy to ruin him. The king and his immediate attendants laughed immoderately. While Heidegger stood in the gallery, "*God Save the King*" was the tune; but when, after setting matters to rights, he retired to one of the dancing rooms to observe if decorum was kept by the company, the counterfeit, stepping forward, and placing himself upon the floor of the theatre, just in front of the music gallery, called out in the most audible voice, addressing Heidegger, "Blockheads! did I not tell you this moment to play, *O'er the Water to Charlie*" A pause ensued, [illegible] who knew his character, thought [illegible] turn either drunk or mad; but [illegible] continued his vociferation, "*Charlie*" [illegible] again. At this repetition of the supposed [illegible], some of the of-

lows of the guard for ascending the gallery and kicking musicians out; but the late Duke of Cumberland, who relished the mal à-propos amazingly, interposed. The company were thrown into great confusion. "Shame! shame!" resounded from all parts; and Heidegger once more fell in a violent rage, to that part of the pit facing the gallery. Here the Duke of Montagu artfully addressing him, told him that the king was in a violent passion; that the best way was to go instantly and make an apology; and afterwards to discharge the musicians, who were to a certainty mad. Almost the same instant the duke ordered the false Nigger to do the same. The scene became now entirely comic in the circle before the king. Heidegger had no sooner made a genteel apology for the insolence of his musicians, than the false Heidegger advanced, and in a plaintive tone cried out, "Indeed, sire, it was not my fault but that devil's in my likeness." Poor Heidegger turned round, stared, staggered, grew pale, and could not utter a word. The duke then whispered into his ear the sum of his plot; the counterfeit was ordered to take off his mask, and here the frolic ended.

Heidegger's countenance was particularly uneasy, from an unusual harshness of features. Hogarth has introduced it into more than one of his prints. Heidegger was however the first to joke upon his own ugliness; and he once laid a wager with the Earl of Chesterfield, that within a certain given time, his lordship would not be able to produce so hideous a face in all London. After a laborious search, a woman was found whose features were at first sight thought stranger than Heidegger's; but upon clapping her head-dress upon Heidegger, he was unanimously allowed to have won the wager.

VOLTAIRE AND CHESTERFIELD.

"The late lord Chesterfield happened to be at a rout in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests; Chesterfield stood gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies. Voltaire accosted him, "My lord, I know you are a judge; which are more beautiful, the English or French ladies?" "Upon my word, replied his lordship, with his usual presence of mind, I am no connoisseur of *paintings*." Some time after this, Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's rout with Lord Chesterfield; a lady in company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation. Chesterfield came up, and tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Sir, take care you are not captivated." "My lord, (replied the French wit,) I scorn to be taken by an English vessel under French colors."

The Judges of the Supreme Court at Madras wear nearly similar robes to the English Judges; but, at present, they dispense with wigs, from which the bar are also exempt, though the Calcutta Judges still submit to that grievous laity! Upon the first formation of the Court, however, Sir Thomas Strange, the Chief Justice, had strongly urged, that the dignity and decorum of the Bench required the judges to wear them. A batch of them were accordingly sent for from England. The cock-roaches had amused themselves during the passage with the wig of the Chief Justice, and had made such havock with it, that he came into Court with one of the ears ridiculously projecting out of a large hole which those voracious reptiles had eaten on one side of it. A laugh, half suppressed, from the bar and the officers of the Court, admonished him of the unfortunate hiatus; but, in order to cover the protruding ear, he pulled the wig so much awry, as to leave the other still more exposed. Sir Henry Gwillim, constitutionally irascible and nervous, bore the encumbrance with great composure; but it was too much for Sir Benjamin Sullivan, who finding that the wig harboured in its lair with an immense host of musquitoes, detached parties of which were buzzing every moment about his face, and feeling also his head to be in a state of unwonted perspiration, snatched it off in a sudden fit of indignation, and threw it, with an oath that was somewhat extra-judicial, into the middle of the Court. His example was instinctively followed by the two others; and the three wigs, flying from the bench, and alighting like so many birds, on the same spot, constituted a most irresistible species of farce. A roar of laughter ensued, and it was some time before the Court could recover its gravity sufficiently to go on with the business.

FEMALE FASHIONS.

From Ackermann's Repository of Arts,

Fashions, &c. &c. for April.

Carriage Costume.—Dress of lilac *gros de Naples*, made rather high, the fullness of the body drawn towards the shoulders: the sleeves *à la en gigot*, ornamented with two rows of pendent lilac-leaves stiffened, of the same material as the dress; one row is placed just above the elbow, the other between that and the waist. The skirt is set on full, and trimmed with two deep flounces, each headed by a row of pendent lilac leaves: satin sash of the same colour. Doubled pelerine of embroidered tulle; the cape circular, and very full collar, surmounted with a stiffened projecting triangle, having a rose-coloured satin ribbon drawn through it small, at the top, and tied to the front: the flounce and ends long, reach below the knee, and terminating in a point of *giraffe*-colour tulle.

Evening Dress.—Flowing columns of fancy muslin, painted in diagonally by lines of flowers, and c

Ionian gray. The waist is long, and the upper part of the body full, terminating in a point in front: the *ceinture*, bound with satin cord, is attached to it, and partakes of the form of a diamond, the longitudinal corners continuing round the waist in a broad band. The sleeves are of white *crepe lisse*, long and full, confined at the wrist by gold bracelets, and ornamented thence to the elbow by three heraldic roses of pink satin, with green centres. Zephyr crape of *crepe lisse*, with three narrow pipings of white satin, and fastened in front and at the divisions on the shoulders by oval ornaments of emeralds and gold.

(From La Belle Assemblee for April.)

Home, or walking Dress.—A pelisse dress of straw-coloured taffeta, with one very broad bias fold round the border, headed by a narrow *rouleau* of satin, of the same colour. The *corsage* is quite concealed by a very broad *fichu*-collar, turning back and fastened by a broch of white agate. From the small of the waist, in front, the dress is fastened down by rosettes, placed very close together, of ric ribbon, of the same colour. The sleeves a *à la Marie*, with very broad antique Engh points at the wrist, and a broad bracelet a the hand, of cameos, in gold. A dress cap or bonnet, may be worn with this co fromed of black *blond* and *rouleaux* pink satin; the border turned back, and al entirely concealed by a wreath of -blown roses, placed obliquely on the hair

Evening Dress.—A dress of st -coloured satin, trimmed round the bord with three rows of the beautiful, light zebe fur. The *corsage* made slightly *en gerbe*, edged round the tucker part by a row of the valuable fur as borders the skirt. The s es, of the same material as the dress, are sh , and *en ballon*, with a folded *mancheron* the top, edged with zibeline. To these ort sleeves are attached long ones, of whit ape, they are made *en gigot*, and fas ened bewrist with a bracelet of rubies, white a , and gold; over this is a gold chain-brace The head-dress is a hat of pink *gros de aples*; the front of the brim pointed, *en eau*, with the point turned back, and rising to the summit of the crown. A supe plumage of several pink feathers ornament is novel and very becoming hat.

(From World of Fashion for April.)

Ball ress.—A dress of tulle or white gauze over a tin slip, the yellow of the wild crocus, or b -cup. At the border is a broad bias fold pointed at the top, and edged with a satin ro au binding. From the space, between e point, descend in a bias direction, two nds of white satin, striped with gold; these re surmounted by a rosette of the same, which appears to fasten three wheat-ears of gold. The corsage is, *à la Marie Stuart*, in yellow satin, with a cordon of gold around the waist, terminating in front by a bow with short ends, of the same material as the trimming on the border of the skirt. A bouffont drapery, *à la Sévigne* crosses the top of the bust, with a superb broach, consisting of a cameo set in gold, from whence depend three drops of wrought gold, *en girandole*. The sleeves are short, plain, but very full. The hair is slightly parted from the forehead, and arranged in very full clusters of curls on each side of the face. The Apollo knot elevated, but much lower than last month; each puff of hair which composes it, is ornamented with beads of gold: beneath them is a plait of hair, and under that a coronet of cameos over a bar of gold; across the forehead, where the hair separates, is a row of gold beads, and three gold ferroniers are placed on each side of the head. The neck-lace is one row of gold beads, and bracelets, cameos set in gold.

Dinner Dress.—A blue dress of levantine or of satin, with the border trimmed with three pointed flounces, edged with a narrow rouleau. —These ornaments are set on in a very novel manner, they are quilled very full, and the points descend lower than the *clochette* part of the quilling: each flounce falls over the other; and on the upper one, are large detached rosettes of the same material as the dress, edged with a rouleau, and each one having in the centre a buckle of gold. The body is *en gerbe*, made partially low, with a very broad full tucker of blond. The sleeves are *à la Mode*, and are fastened at the wrists by bracelets of dark hair and gold clasped by a cameo broach. A fichu with a triple ruff of blond is worn round the throat. The headdress is a hat of pink gros de Naples, trimmed with broad pink ribbon, edged with narrow black strips, and adorned on the left side by two white feathers; one feather falls over the right side, and turns, with a graceful curve, under the brim. The ear pendants are of wrought gold, and a massive chain of double links is thrown over the neck.

TEST ACT.—An anecdote on this subject is travelling the *conversaziones*. A young noble legislator, Lord C., is reported to have called three weeks since on Mr. Huskisson, and enquired "what the Test and Corporation business was—whether it was connected with *corn* or the *colonies*?" The secretary is reported to have replied, "Never mind—go down and vote against it."—*Globe and Traveller, March 22.*

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OR SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

THIRD SERIES.

COUSIN WILLIAM.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI.

Now all the world is sleeping, love
But the sage his star-watch keeping, love;
And I whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
MOORE.

Cowed with the distracting defeat of William Morley Seward, (for by no means the least considerable absurdity in the affair was its assumption, by royal license, of the family name of his scornful mistress) was the philosophical success of Sir Mark Terrington at Crosby Hall.

On the morning succeeding his abrupt departure from the presence of Mr. Crosby, the worthy baronet rallied all his energies and renewed the charge; and having succeeded in obtaining an interview with Mrs. Crosby, engaged that lady as his advocate—a character which she the more readily assumed, because she saw that her husband had set his heart upon the match, and because, after weighing all her scruples, (a custom she had acquired by her medicinal habits,) she felt almost as anxious to get rid of Caroline, as Caroline was to be freed from the trammels of a step-mother's dominion and the practical illustration of Buchan's Domestic Medicine, the exhibition of which she was so much in the habit of witnessing where she was.

A party was in the first instance made up at Sir Mark's, where the whole family of the Crosbys dined—an event so remarkable, that the superstitious members of the servant's-hall augured some most wonderful event as the consequence of such an exertion, and perhaps the event was, under all the circumstances, wonderful which *did* result from the visit, for it was on that day Caroline avowed her favorable determination with respect to the addresses of Sir Mark; the ordinarily methodical baronet became most specially lively after the gracious and important announciation of the young lady's formal acceptance of him, which, since truth must be told, poor Caroline herself was not.

No one who has not felt, can conceive the torture which the assumption of ease and an appearance of interest in present objects costs the anxious heart of *her*, whose thoughts, whose hopes and wishes, centre in some distant being: or how tasteless, blank, and wearying is all, that charms or cheers the thoughtless laughing friends around her—Caroline's feelings were of a powerful and complicated nature; she had accepted a man whom she did *not* love, and by so doing had finally and decidedly abandoned the man she *did* love—that loved object was for ever separated from her, and in his absence she was doomed to paint in her imagination, forcibly contrasted with her own forlorn and desolate state, the dawning happiness of Lady Anne Seward. These things were in her thoughts by night and by day, and when she laid her flushed cheek on the pillow, moistened by her tears, if wearied nature "weighed her eye-lids down," the throbbing of her aching heart would wake her from her fitful slumbers, and hope, that used to come with morning's dawn to cheer her, had now for ever left her.

Why then did she accept this offer?—so will every generous, high-spirited girl inquire—the answer I have already given—she had committed herself to the being she loved—it was known that she had—it was known that he had left her; it is true that Caroline's mind unfortunately was not trained upon principle, fortified by religion, or encouraged by good example—a better regulated understanding would perhaps have induced her to bear the little ills which assailed her, and treat with contempt, while she endured with patience, the sly, sententious, and malicious insinuendoes of that bane of the world, an odious step-mother, and have prompted her to suffer without emotion the paltry mortifications such meanness could inflict; but she could not stand the trial—she shrank from such a contest, and sought to fly from the once loved home of her father, to the calm repose of a home of her own.

Let it be understood, for poor Caroline's sake, that she esteemed and respected her future husband—she could not do otherwise. Matter of fact conversation and unpolished manners were his, in common with ten thousand of his fellow creatures who live on, "observing" what every body else observes but never think of talking about; whose knowledge of the world is gleaned from the daily newspapers, and whose amusements are derived from the most innocent sources—but he was in every sense of the word good and honourable—kind in his disposition, liberal in his principles, amiable in his conduct, and beloved by all who knew him. She, therefore, chose, perhaps—some will think—her father did, (but then fathers are bad judges of thier daughters doings), wisely; at all events she *did* choose, and that, as a point in our history, is the important fact; upon which the only observation I shall presume to make is, that I believe her own feelings would have prompted her to remain, at least for a much longer time, neuter, had not her cousin William himself urged her to an immediate decision.

From the day of the dinner, which was followed on the part of Mr. Crosby by three doses of Cheltenham, six Barclays pills one modicum of castor oil, and two papers of James's powders, and on the part of his lady by several jorums of camphorated julep, and that exquisite counteractor of over-acidulation, which the French call *eau de vie*, but which has no name in an English lady's medicine chest, the assiduities of Sir Mark were incessant. He was always at Crosby House, where he made love after *his* fashion, to the melody of his creaking Boots, which might be heard every day, from two till five, in various parts of the mansion and grounds: at the latter hour he proceeded homewards, dressed for dinner, and returned to pass the remainder of the evening with his Dulcinea.

Fourteen days had thus continued, and Caroline marvelled at hearing nothing of William's marriage; perhaps she was mortified at not hearing *from* him; but she reflected, that now matters had gone such lengths between her and Sir Mark, for even the wedding-day had been spoken of, and lawyers put into requisition for the arrangements), perhaps William thought it would be indelicate and improper to write to her; and she was so convinced of his high feeling and propriety, that she was quite sure he would not for the world infringe the rules of society in any conduct of his; and so she contented herself by talking of him to Davis; for the old people were much too prudent to mention a name, which while it could not fail to excite feelings in Caroline's breast terribly disadvantageous to Sir Mark, might awaken something like uneasiness even in that worthy gentleman's *observant* mind; her only solace therefore, was "wondering where cousin William was," and "what he was doing just then," and "what Lady Anne was doing," and so on—to all of which wonderings Davis administered with that kindness and consideration which were no less characteristic of a good lady's maid, than of her devotion to the *preux chevalier* who lends his name to our story.

One evening, after a long walk with Sir Mark, in which in *his* way he had enumerated all the little arrangements he proposed to make as to the nuptial celebration, Caroline took leave of him till the morrow; and oh, marvel ye men, and blush ye ladies, the ardent baronet impressed (literally for the first time) a kiss upon the downy cheek of his bride elect—whether Caroline were more astonished or alarmed at this most heroic attack I cannot say; certain it is, when she returned to the drawing-room, (for it was in the library, by moonlight, that the gallant gay Lothario ventured on such a prodigious piece of presumption)—she looked flushed, and her bright eyes sparkled, and her snowy bosom palpitated—Mrs. Crosby saw it.

"Caroline, my love, what's the matter?" said she—"dear me—how red you look—eh, has the dog frightened you?"

"No," said Caroline laughing—"I have not been the least frightened, Ma'am I assure you."

"What *has* happened, child?"

"Pshaw, my dear," said Crosby, "don't ask the poor girl any such stuff: you were once young yourself—I *could* guess, but I won't; give me my tamarind-drink, Cary, and answer no question."

The aptness of her father's guess made Caroline blush more deeply, and in some confusion she lighted her candle, kissed his cheek, shook her mother-in-law by the hand, and retired for the evening to contemplate the extraordinary boldness of her future husband.

She reached her room; Davis was there, evidently labouring under some agitation of mind.

"Are you come up already, Miss? said she.

"Yes, Davis," said Caroline, "I—"

"You are not going to bed yet?" asked Davis.

"Why, I am not sleepy," said Caroline, "but—"

"This lovely night," said Davis, "the moon is as bright as day; it is not yet half past ten—don't you think a little walk would do you good, Miss Caroline?"

"I *have* walked," said Caroline; I took a long walk with Sir Mark; besides, I walked in the morning; and, besides, it is too late."

"You used to walk later than *this*, with Mr. William," said Davis.

"Ah!" said Caroline; "those days are gone; it might have been better perhaps they never *had* been—poor William!"

"If *he* were here now, Miss, you would not refuse to go out, I think," said Davis.

"I don't know," said Caroline—"but as he is *not*, it is hardly worth discussing the subject."

"Miss Caroline," said Davis, who turned deadly pale, and seized her young mistress's hand, almost convulsively—"don't be frightened, don't alarm yourself—don't speak—he *is* here."

"Who?—William?" said Caroline, in an agony of surprise.

"Yes," whispered Davis.

"God forbid!" said Caroline.

"Here, Miss, read—read this," said Davis, giving her a note.

"Merciful Heaven, what shall I do!"

said Caroline, Her knees shook—her teeth chattered.

"What am I to do?—Is he married?—what is he doing here?"

"*That* explains all," said Davis, who seemed nearly as much terrified as her mistress.

Caroline's hands shook so, that with much difficulty she opened the note, which was written hastily in pencil; she read as follows.

"Beloved Caroline,

"The trial was too much for me; the triumph of love is atchieved,. I shrank from the completion of the mercenary transfer I was about to conclude: you, you, you alone reign in my heart and rule my destiny; angelic girl, come to me. It would be madness—ruin to me, to be seen at this crisis by your family—by Sir Mark, by anybody. I have been waiting the whole evening; I have seen you pass close by me, with this man, who never, never must be your husband. I cannot endure the thought—all treaty—all negociation would now be vain; the means of flight are at hand—I have sacrificed all for you—bring me with you; come to the hermitage, I am there; *there* you will find me dead when the morning dawns, if I am now slighted. The separation of Lady Anne and myself *is final, is eternal*; do not kill *him* that loves you better than his life's blood.

"Your's always

"WILLIAM."

Caroline, when she had read these lines, fell on her knees by her bed-side, and hid her face in her hands; the struggle was momentary, a flood of tears relieved her—she started up.

"What's to be done?" said she staring wildly about—her "What have I done? Sacrificed my beloved William—the dearest, fondest hopes of my heart—his happiness and my own. What on earth can I do?—how am I to act? See—see—for *my* sake he has found it impossible to sell himself to this rich woman, and I have been able to give *him* up for Sir Mark;—but then he desired it—it was his own doing. Davis, tell me—what can I do—what *shall* I do?"

"You'll see him, Miss," said Davis, "at "at all events."

"Oh no—no—if I do—" said Caroline, "no I must not see him—how *can* I—to night—and after what has happened to-day between me and Sir Mark."

"La! Miss Caroline," said Davis, whose notions of anything "happening" were not limited by the idea of a chaste salute—"what *do* you mean?"

"Oh never mind—never mind," said the poor girl, "what shall I do?—If I see him—"

"You'll marry him, Miss—and what then?—you love him," said Davis.

"If I do," said Caroline, "I ought not to marry any one else; but even supposing I *did* wish to see him—they will all be gone to bed—I cannot leave the house at this hour—I cannot deceive. Suppose my father or Mrs. Crosby came to my room?"

"Wait, wait," said Davis, whose wily arts were all in requisition, "it will be time enough when they are all at rest; we can go down the back staircase, Miss; I'll go with you—you *should* see poor Mr. William: besides, it is so considerate of him not coming to the house; besides, if you do love him——"

"Davis," said Caroline, "if I do love him, I repeat, I ought not to have accepted Sir Mark."

"But, Miss," said Davis. "Mr. William has a chaise here in waiting—if——"

"A chaise for what?" said Caroline.

"If you should consent," said Davis.

"Consent—how?"

"If you will yet be his," said Davis, whose great fear appeared to be of alarming the delicate feelings of her young mistress, "there is the opportunity."

The proposal—the possibility seemed to strike into Caroline's brain like lightning—*so* she might yet escape the miseries of indifference which awaited her—*so* she might reap the rich harvest of her love—she sat down for a moment.

"I *will* see him," were the first words she uttered—"come what may, I must—I will see my cousin William."

"Oh! I am so glad!" said Davis, "I was so afraid you would not, and then perhaps something terrible would have happened."

"Yes, yes," said Caroline, not attending to what her minister was talking about—"Why should I *not* see him—he is my cousin—my oldest friend—my play-fellow—how foolish I was to think I could not see him—he will listen to what has happened—he will advise—why did I even doubt about meeting him?

Thus love-guided, the poor girl, from starting with horror at her cousin's proposol, at last found out that it was only natural and right that she *should* comply with his wishes, and quite wondered at her own insensibility, which at first induced her to think of refusing.

The mode of putting in execution this hopeful project came next to be considered; the lingering minutes drawled whilst the pair of plotters listened to the ascending steps of Mr. and Mrs. Crosby. who, as it happened, passed to their chamber without visiting the *child*, as they called her; and in less than half an hour the two invalids—*he*, by dint of some five and thirty drops of *tinct. opii*, and she by the force of camphorated julep, and that nameless spirit with which it was flavoured—had fallen into the sweet slumbers which their nightly narcotic kindly procured for them; evidence of which, Davis received from the peculiar noise which Mr. Crosby made between his palate and nostrils, which Mrs. Crosby, thanks to her lore, would have termed stertor, but which Davis, who knew and called every thing in nature by its commonest name, denominated snoring—a performance in which, upon the present occasion, not only he, but also Mrs. Crosby, were employed with equal force.

The music of the spheres could not have been more melodious to Carling, than that produced by her worthy father and amiable mother-in-law—five minutes did not elapse, after the happy announcement of the security, before the way to the back staircase was opened, and Davis, leading Caroline, descended to the lower door which led into the stable-yard; having crossed which, they, by the gardener's gate, could make their way to the well known place of rendezvous.

Stone staircases never creak—a fact which I need hardly impress upon the minds of those who have a turn for making nocturnal visits, rooms, to which (however confidently they may be expected in them,) they have no business to go—accordingly the mistress and the maid reached the bottom of the flight in safety; the door below not having been fastened, yielded quietly to their push—the yard-dog slumbered on his post—the gardener's gate was open. Whether all these curious coincidences occurred by dint of William's gold it is not now worth stopping to determine—his influence over the family was avowedly great, and such were his fascinating manners and winning ways, that any of them would have died to serve him.

Across the dewy grass—along the well known wall—through the tangled shrubbery, stepped onwards with their light feet the tremuling pair—the hermitage broke upon their view—they reached its door—William was there, and in a moment caught his blushing cousin in his arms—that was the accustomed embrace of family connection—natural, and by no means improper. Davis hemmed a little, and walked past the entrance,

"William," said Caroline, who was resolved to be cool and guarded in her conduct during the interview, "what brings you here?—you must see how you expose me to danger and difficulty, even to distress and possible disgrace, by seeking such a meeting as this."

"Disgrace—danger, Caroline, why?" said William. "I have never disowned the ardent affection I feel for you—you don't imagine, dearest girl, that I have requested this meeting as a mere transient inverview, to be followed by an eternal separation? No, Caroline, I have always loved you; I tell you again that for my father's sake I was anxious, as I felt it to be my duty, to strain every point to relieve his embarrassment. I quitted the bright flame of love to worship at the dull altar of wealth; my heart misgave me; you beamed across my mind, and I dashed the cup from my lip at the moment it was brimmed before me; that's over; I return to you—I repent—I recant all my errors, and am come to snatch you from certain misery to share the happiness which such an angel alone can confer."

"Oh, William, this is cruel," said Caroline, who was crying like a child. "Consider how far this engagement with Sir Mark has gone."

"What of that, love?" said William, "*my* engagement with Lady Anne went farther—even to the altar itself."

"*You*, even sanctioned mine," said Caroline.

"*You*, even sanctioned mine," said William; "let us walk onwards—this way—take my arm, love—does not this remind you of the happy hours of our past lives—does it not give assurance of the future bliss which awaits us?"

"This is cruel, cruel indeed, William," said Caroline, "it is awakening a hope only to crush it."

"I tell you no, dearest," said Morley, drawing her closer to him as they walked, "argument with your father or explanation with Sir Mark would avail nothing—act, and the thing is done—*I* have set the example—they know we love each other—and if Sir Mark do not, it is no injustice to let him know it when we have acted upon our feelings—nay, Caroline, it is surely better for you to take such a step than marry *him*, and keep our love a secret."

"But, William," said Caroline, "I have argued all this with myself before, it is now all too late—what will be thought of *me?*"

"What may be thought of *me?*" said William: "that you were too candid, too ingenuous to marry against your inclinations for advantage—nobody, my sweet girl, will ever give you credit for becoming Lady Terrington for love of your husband;—to be sure there *is* a title such as it is."

"Which, perhaps," said Caroline, "you fancy weighs in the scale against my love for you."

"Love—did you still say love, Caroline?" said William.

"Yes," said Caroline,—"I never disguised from myself—I never disguised from *you* the real state of my affections—why should I now?—I do not take less credit for making that affection subservient to my duty. I have told you a thousand times that I could alone be happy with *you*—what then?—circumstances and your own advice have parted us."

"No, no, they might have done so," interrupted William, "but we still may be saved Think, think, Caroline, on the contrast—marry this Sir Mark—he is all you say, good, honourable, kind and amiable, but what taste, what feeling of his, assimilates with yours?—what rapture, what delight can *he* bestow, who has not your heart?—Think what a life of trial and torture you propose to yourself, throughout the whole of which, love and duty are to be struggling. To *him* you are bound to give yourself, body and soul. What a wretched union that is, where only the former is in fact surrendered. With *me*, Caroline, with your William, the days will fly like hours; my life devoted to your happiness, your comfort my only care;—but then I forget—I have no title."

"How *can* you be so foolish, William? said Caroline actually angry, "how I am to act I know not—I—"

"Do you love Sir Mark?" said William passionately.

"NO," said Caroline, firmly.

"Caroline," whispered William tenderly, "do you love *me?*"

Her head sank on his shoulder, and the tears fell in torrents from her eyes.

He pressed her to his heart.

"William," said she, raising her head, "think for God's sake, think what is to become of me if I consent to this step?"

"No harm *can* befall you, Caroline," said William; "I would rather perish than the smallest danger or difficulty should accrue to you—we were always intended for man and wife. I repeat, the precarious state of my father circumstances drove me to break what certain was by implication and tacit agreement a vaty; my feelings for *you* have now overcome my duty towards *him*—here I am at your f an ardent repentant, a devoted lover.

"But my father," said Caroline, "it will break his h t—besides—an elopement—I—"

"It is not as if we were strangers," said William; "it is not as if such a step were taken in a moment of heated passion:—we have lived our lives together, have been bred up in the same pursuits in the same house."

"But," said Caroline, pausing,—"oh Heavens what am I to do!"

"Be mine, beloved one," said Morley, "and each succeeding hour we live together shall make us dearer to each other."

"But," said Caroline, "even—God God what *shall* I do!—even if I—*did* consent—I—could not—I have—how could I do it—I—oh no, no, no—I could never return to the house again—I—"

"You mean," said William coolly and deliberately, "for present convenience, I dare say Davis has provided for that emergency, and she of course will accompany us in the carriage."

"Have you really a carriage here," said Caroline, gradually enduring with great coolness to listen even to the details of the absolutely dreaded scheme.

"At the park gate in the lane," said William.

"Davis," said Caroline, turning wildly round and trembling, "if—if—I *should* go—you would go with me?"

"To be sure, Miss," said Davis; "and here," added she, pointing to a bundle which Caroline had fancied was merely her cloak, "is everything in the way of dress you may want till you return."

"When should we return," said Caroline—"that is," correcting herself, "*if* we went?"

"In three or four days at farthest," said William, "we must take the old road to Gretna, Caroline,"

"I really am bewildered," said the poor girl—"and yet, I——"

"It *must be*, dearest life, said William—"it has been always ordained, and I rejoice that I have not rashly broken the bond;—step on, before, Davis," continued he, for they had by this time nearly reached the gate, "and put your bundle into the carriage—it is all ready, for it has been here these three hours."

"Perhaps," said Caroline, catching at a shadow to divert his intention, "they are not waiting now."

"Yes, Miss," said Davis, "I saw the chaise."

And she went forward, and opening the gate, betrayed to Caroline's sight a vehicle destined to bear her from her home to all the joys of love and matrimony.

One of the post-boys opened the door and lowered the steps—the bundle was placed on the seat. At the threshold of the gate Caroline's heart failed her—she again cried bitterly.

"I cannot—I will not go, William," said she.

"Come, dearest," said he, in an under tone "don't let these people see your agitation come."

She sank supinely on his arm, and he led her forth; she crossed the threshold, and passed to the carriage door—Morley assisted her.

A man instantly interposed himself.

"Captain Morley," said he, "how d'ye do Sir?"

The man was muffled up in a great coat, but the moon beamed full in his face, and Morley knew him in an instant.

"The devil!" said Morley, "be off, Sir,—I—"

"Stay, Sir," said the man—"you can't get in there."

"Post-boys," said Morley, "do your duty to this fellow."

"They know better, Sir," said the man; "here, Bill," said he, calling to a companion, "lay hold of the captain."

"Hold—touch me if you dare," said Morley.

"Knock him down," said the man, "if he lifts his finger against you."

"Good God!" said Caroline, "what is all this?—speak somebody."

"These rascals," said Morley

"Stop, stop, Captain, civil Sir if you please."

"Be civil yourselves then," said Morley; "follow me, but let me go my

"Why, Captain Morley," said the man; "I'll tell you—whenever I am treated, I do my duty as civilly as I can and you, Sir, two days ago. I was fool enough to put confidence in you, and you marched off, and now I've got you, I'll be hanged let you go one inch—so, Miss, you had better go back again, and let, this gentleman, and I and I, take the chaise."

"Go," said Caroline wildly,—"where, Sir?"

"To Cambridge jail, ma'am, that's the captain's lodgings," said the man.

"To jail, what does it mean?" said Caroline.

"They are bailiffs, Miss," said Davis in a whisper, whose worldly knowledge had in the present instance led her to a right conclusion.

"This is infernally provoking," said Morley, affecting to carry the thing off with something like indifference. "I believe, dearest, I must go with these persons—but—"

"Stop' stop, stop, Captain," said the senior bailiff, who perceived that Morley was endeavouring to regain the inside of the gate, "can't go there, Sir."

"William Morley," said Caroline, what on earth have you done to be subject to this insult and control?"

"Insult, Miss," said the old bailiff. "God bless your innocent heart, the captain is used to it; its not much insult for honest tradesmen to try to get their money."

"None of your conversion if you please, Mr. Tap," said Morley—of course, Sir, I shall go with you—but—"

"What horrid men," said poor Caroline, unconsciously.

"Yes, Miss," said Tap—who *would* speak, being, as he himself said, *pro tem* Sheriff of Cambridgeshire, "I have no doubt we appear so to you, and the duty of one of us is not over pleasant; but we have feelings and characters to support, as well as men in other professions: when we are treated fairly we act fairly towards them as we deal with you as this gentleman has played me and my men one slippery trick, why we are determined he shall not play us another—wherein, I don't doubt you yourself, Miss, will say as we are right."

"Go back, Caroline," said Morley,—"I can't speak—go back, love, and I'll be here to-morrow."

"Good bail will be wanted, Mr. Morley," said Tap.

"Pray be quiet, Sir," said Morley, "if not, dearest, I'll write to our friend," looking significantly at Davis.

"I don't comprehend all this, said Caroline—"it opens a new and dreadful scene to me; come Davis, we have been too long. William, you should not have urged such a step."

"Be calm, be calm, dear," said William. "Come, Sir, open the door—it is useless to delay—God bless you, Caroline—I'll explain all this—forgive me—good bye, heaven bless you."

"Good bye, William," said Caroline, affecting composure.

Morley and the bailiffs stepped into the chaise, the woman re-entered the park.

"You know the jail, Dick?" said one of the post-boys to the other jocosely.

"I think I do, too," replied the other,—"right;" and away they went.

Caroline's fortitude here forsook her, and she fell senseless into the arms of Davis.

(To be Continued)

THE WINNING OF DUNLUCE CASTLE.—Reader, surely you cannot be at a loss for a drawing or print of Dunluce Castle—take it now I pray you in hand, and observe with me the narrow wall that connects the ruined fortress with the main land—see how this wall is perforated, and without any support from beneath, how it hangs there, braving time and tempest, and still needing no power of arch, simply by the strength of its own cemented material—the art of man could not make such another self-supported thing, it is about eighteen inches broad just the path of a man, dont fear, to cross it assured it wont tumble with you, it has borne many a better man, so come on, who's afraid—"I really cannot bring myself to venture," was the reply of both my companions. "Sit ye down then ye giddy-headed cockneys, and bask your day in the sun. Alick and I will step across and visit the Banshee." So with the greatest ease we tripped across—Carrick-a-rede is seventy times more fearful. And now Mr. M'Mullen, as you and I have this old place ourselves, "come show me every thing, and (we all about it"—"with the greatest pleasure in life, Sir (says Alick), for it gave me joy to see a gentleman like you hopping like a jackdaw over that bit of a wall, and indeed many a one comes here like you gentlemen and ladies who I believe have their skull full of what they call nerve, instead of *sensible* steady brains." place Alick, beyond a doubt this is a fine old that, for Why then, Sir, do you that stand it in good fighting times, many a battle and bloody fun were one is merry then, Alick tell me some of the good people here in Dunluce to tell you of does it behove me why, I thank you, you might run a bayonet or spatterdash

(Continued in the next Sheet.)

WEDNESDDAY. 20TH AUGUST 1828.

(*Continued from the Second Sheet.*)

as you intend to see the Causeway and the cave, Pleakin, it may be your honour won't have time to hear all I have to tell you about the M'Quillans, and M'Donnels, and Surelys boy, and Captain Merriman but at any rate I'll tell you, in [illegible] about the boat-race, whereby this castle was won and lost, when the M'Quillans and M'Donnels, contended for it in the presence of the King of Scotland, and agreed to leave their right to the issue of a row from Isla to Dunluce—he who first touched the land was to have the castle as his prize. So they started on just such a day as this, wind and wave agreed to sit still and let the oarsmen have fair play—and to be sure it was they who rowed for honour and glory as for life—and the M'Quillans prayed enough to St. Patrick, and the M'Donnels to Columkill of the Isles, and neither, you may be sure, spared the *spirits*—for it's hard to say, whether John Highlandman, or Pat of the green hills, is better at that work; but at any rate on they came, beautiful breast, like two swans cutting, with white bosoms, the green waters; and now it was pull Paddy, and now it was pull Sandy, and none on the shore could tell for their lives which was foremost—but at any rate, the Irish boys shouted enough and prayed enough for the M'Quillans, and now, Sir, they were within stone's throw, and almost within oar's length, when what do you think my Scotchman did!—For never put it past canny Sawney, all the world over, for getting the better of others; and if he fails at fair beating, he'll not pass by cheating; so it was here. The two chiefs were each at their boat's bow, and Mc. Quillan had his long arm outstretched, and M'Donnel held his Lochaber ax in his hand, and all at once laying his left wrist on the gunwale before him, he slashed at it with his hatchet, severed, it at a blow, and while it was spinning out blood, he flung it with all his force against the rock; and do you see where that sea-parrot is now perched, on that birds nest ledge, there the bleeding hand lay, and the red mark is said to be there, thought I have never seen it unto this very day.

"Huzza for M'Donnel, Dunluce is our own,
In spite of M'Quillan the Castle is won."

Such was the cry of the Scotchmen as they landed, and so it was that even the Irish gave it in favour of the foreigner, who at the expence of his limb, won the prize, and long and many a day the Scotchman held it, until he became a good Irishman, and to this hour you may see a bloody hand painted in the middle of Lord Antrim's coat of arms."—*Church of Ireland Magazine*; article "Tour to the Giant's Causeway," written, we believe, by the justly popular author of the *Sketches in Ireland*.—*The Atlas, March 9.*

RAMBLES IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

(*From the New Monthly Magazine*)

(*Continued.*)

LETTER II.

THE Second Branch of Hunter's River appeared to great advantage on our return from the First. The dull and awful monotony of the one was succeeded by the gay gardens and cultivated fields of the other, and impressed an idea of greater population and maturity. Our horses not having arrived as expected, the journey up the country was delayed, and an opportunity occurred of taking a day's coursing after the kangaroo, which abounds in the neighbourhood, and also of seeing a little more of this very desirable part of Hunter's River. Abundance and hospitality certainly belong to the Second Branch; and the kind and unostentatious attentations there paid us by the settlers, made it difficult to remember that we were strangers, and has impressed my mind with the most agreeable recollections of their beautiful farms and comfortable homes. Without any disparagement, however, to the bachelor's cheer, it is incumbent to remark the superior comfort, cleanliness, and general management observable at the establishments of the *married* settlers. So far from the bush not being adapted to the habits and pursuits of an English lady, it appeared to me the very sphere for the exercise of all her acquirements; in such a scope her talents and value are immediately called into action, and while they relieve the husband from a number of subordinate, unmanly, household anxieties, they throw a cheerfulness and contentedness around the dwelling, unknown within the sombre walls of the unmarried settler. No country can agree better with children; for health and beauty, and an English ingenuousness of countenance, those we saw might have sate for studies to Murillo himself. We had an excellent day's sport on the parson's farm, killed five large kangaroos, and started about fifty others in the space of five hours, with about ten or a dozen dogs. We were in at the death of one of them.

I could not help regretting such a wholesale and useless slaughter. The kangaroo generally weighs from twenty to a hundred pounds; and as it is impossible to carry such burdens home, the practice is merely to cut off the tails. Perhaps you never tasted kangaroo soup. I confess not one settler in a hundred either knows how to dress it, or is furnished with the little ingredients so essentially requisite in soups. The Spaniards say, "He who has not seen Seville, has seen nothing;" so may be said of this "Spirit of Australia," If you have not tasted kangaroo, you have tasted nothing. When his tail is converted into soup, especially as I had it, under the banns and superintendence of Mrs. ——

"Nor turtle nor Mulligatawney,
Nor all the savoury dishes of the world,"

can beat it. If Doctor Kitchiner would only come out to New South Wales, and give this most distinguished of the *ferœ naturœ*, and the mode of dressing it, that pataint and solemn attention for which he is so famous, a most powerful inducement would be held out to emigration among the different Companies of London studious of the gastric juice: and instead of taking his yacht up the Baltic or Mediterranean, we might even have a visit from Sir William himself. Mount Johnstone and other higher ranges here begin to close in the low country, and very little land is to be had unlocated in this district till you proceed twelve or fifteen miles higher up, to where the river goes off by two narrow branches. Near this is settled a gentleman, respectably connected with the Island of Madeira, who has brought out with him some Portuguese vine-dressers, and who has the best prospect of raising the grape in perfection. Such beneficial speculations, under a discerning government, will never want encouragement for while they add so materially to the comforts of the neighbourhood, they give a tone and character to the colony much to be desired. Nobody likes grapes more than John Bull, and yet, with about a single exception, not more, I never saw in New South Wales a bunch worth eating. Wine is therefore out of the question, at present; and, with submission to the excellent Society for the encouragement of agriculture and horticulture in New South Wales, I think if they wish to promote the growth of colonial wine, their reward should be adjudged to the person every year who had set in the ground the greatest number of plants. Let us first have plenty of grapes, and wine will follow as a matter of course. There was a large fight in the neighbouring mountains between the tribes of Port Stephens and Hunter's River. Remembering the old proverb, "Those who in quarrels interpose," and supposing there would be a good deal of blood spilt on the occasion, I had no particular fancy to visit the scene of action. The army under king Rungarce I met proceeding to the field with all the ferocity that dabs of pipe-clay and smears of red-ocher could produce. They were armed with spears, bommarings, and waddies, and from their erect and frowning front seemed sensible of the high emprise in which they were embarked, and impressed the passing stranger with ideas of blood and slaughter. On observing us, his majesty and several of his staff defiled to where we stood, and condescended to ask for a bit of tabaco! The next day, instead of hearing of long lists of killed and wounded, it turned out that nobody was hurt, but that every precaution had been taken to enable them to "fight another day." One old black was plastered nearly all over with pipe-clay, and cut a grotesque figure, not unlike "Moon" in the masquerade. He had lost his wife—and this is their deep mourning. I asked what his *gin's* name was, when he very plaintively replied, "What for, massa, you make me cry?" It appears that a black's name is never mentioned after death; and any of the family or tribe bearing the name of the deceased, are forthwith christened afresh, in order that no fond remembrance may be cherished of their loss. It is surprising to see them in such numbers, so strong and healthy. They take no thought for to-morrow, but let the morrow take care for itself. They are great fishers, and the large lily affords them a most nutritious root resembling potatoe, which, wrapped up in a bit of bark, and kept in the fire ten or fifteen minutes, is really very nice. The cobra and the kungewye, and the grub, are all famous dishes, equal, I am told, to any turtle, if one could but think so, and are found near the rivers in summer time, in inexhaustible quantities. In the interior of the country the kangaroo and opossum, the emu, the rat and bandycoot, with roots of fern, and large nests of honey, furnish them a plentiful supply, and in the summer time they avail themselves of a number of wild fruits, little appreciated by us, but which are mostly very good.

From the elevated ridge of Moneybung we had a splendid view over the main river, where we were going, to the extent westward of twenty or thirty miles. The hill on the left is the Sugar Loaf, near Newcastle, and the blue ranges of hills more to the right is the Wolombi, at the foot of which runs the celebrated brook of that name, upwards of a hundred miles long, which was not discovered three years ago, but which is now crowded with settlers. Farther on to the right, are the Brokenback mountains, and the bluff projecting and lofty termination of the range, is called, *par excellence*, the Bulga, or the Mountain. The farthest smoke in the west is Patrick's Plains, and where you see the river sparkling like a piece of plate is Glendon. Just below us is a fertile valley, which you can hardly see for the tops of trees, and those two conical hills are on the estates of Luskintyre and Windermere. These two estates, I found afterwards, enjoyed a very just celebrity. The proprietors of them keep an excellent house for themselves and friends, and the laird of Luskintyre, in particular, has always thought with Scipio to Gil Blas—"Pourquoi nous nourrir comme des Diogenes? Sitot que nous aurons une terre, il faudrait la munir de bons vins, et de toutes les autres provisions convenables à des gens d'esprit qui ne quittent pas le commerce des hommes pour renoncer aux commodités de la vie."

But not to anticipate. We got home to Patterson's Plains to a late dinner, between seven and eight o'clock, tired sitting so many hours in the saddle, rather than with the distance rode. We unfortunately also made choice, in our impatience for dinner, of one of those short cuts which almost invariably turn out the longest way round. We soon forgot our fatigues amidst the excellent cheer, and hearty welcome of our worthy host and his amiable lady; and after paying every reasonable respect to his Inishowen I was glad to get to bed. This is a fine sheep and dairy district. Mr. N. has nearly three thousand sheep, of a highly improved breed; and his neighbour, the magistrate, musters, I believe, about two thousand, all in the finest order. Most of the settlers make a cheese a day, weighing about fifteen pounds. At this rate cheese must come down in price, or be made of such superior quality as to be worth exporting to India and the Isle of France. One settler makes one hundred and fifty pounds of butter per week for the Sydney market; he adopts the plan practised at home, of never letting the calves see their mothers after they are dropped; they are kept in calf-sheds, on the skim-milk and curds, and the cows are brought to the pail twice a day, morning and evening. There is great advantage in this system, and it might be universally adopted where there is plenty of grass. But where is the milkmaid "singing blithe?" Not in New South Wales—would that she were! Thanks to Mrs. Fry, we have neither dairy-maid nor milk-maid; and until her horrid system is upset, Pat must continue to milk, and Murphy to churn.

X. Y. Z.

(To be Contined.)

In the present rage for anecdote and personal narrative, *Angelo's Reminiscencies* seem to have attained considerable popularity at home. The book is unquestionably extremely entertaining, and presents amusing pictures of men and manners, infinitely varied. The following anecdotes are lively and interesting.

"Gresse, [a very fat painter, and greasy withal] on his first introduction as a teacher at the royal palaces, had been told by Muller, page to the then young prince Edward, that the etiquette was, if by accident he met the king, or any member of royal family, within the palace, to stand respectfully still—let them pass, and take no notice, unless those great personages condescended to notice him. It happened, that during his many professional visits at Buckingham House, at Kew, and at Windsor, during the first two years' attendance, he had never by any chance met the king. One day, however, whilst waiting to attend the queen, and amusing himself in looking at the painted ceiling in the great audience chamber, a door suddenly opened, and by a side glance he perceived himself in the royal presence. It was no less a personage than his Majesty king George the Third, who entered alone. Struck, no doubt, with the extraordinary bulk and general contour of the figure of the artist, for he stood with his hands behind him, grasping his cocked hat, and his legs straddling wide, with his head thrown back, the king advanced to the middle of the room, and eyed him with apparent surprise. Gresse, remembering the point of etiquette, droped his head to its natural position, and stood stock-still. After his majesty had taken this survey, he walked round, whilst Gresse, wishing a trap-door to open under his own feet, remained, nothing short of a waxen figure beneath a tropical sun. At length the king, unconscious, we may reasonably suppose, of the misery of the sensitive artist, walked to some distance, and turning round took a view of him right in front, Gresse, determined to shew the king that he really was not a statue, regardless of further etiquette, made to the sovereign a most profound bow, which the king, understanding, as it is supposed, he immediately retired.

"Gresse, after this accidental first interview with our late sovereign, as I have before observed, became a great favourite with his majesty; so much so indeed, that the king condescended to visit his house, which he built at Cookham, and in which he resided occasionally during the summer season. As this house which was dubbed *Gresse's Folly*, had neither external elegance nor much internal beauty to boast however, it is likely that the king was excited by that playful humour in which he occasionally indulged to view it as a curiosity, being the residence of so *great* a man. I have heard Gresse relate, with much delight, the conversation which happened at this royal visit. His Majesty went into every apartment, noticed the contrivances of the kitchen, commented on his pictures, and then visited his garden and domestic outbuildings. 'You have chosen too low a site though, observed his majesty. 'Take care, Master Gresse, or they will be carried off in a winter flood; which prognostic, by the way, had nearly occurred within a year after. On going up a staircase, constructed with a too sudden turn, which led to the huge man's dormitory, the king whispered to one of the attendants, 'I wonder how Gresse, climbs up this narrow flight; but a greater wonder will be, how they will get him down if he dies here, for there is no flexibility in a coffin—hey—my lord—hey!' Gresse, though his father was a Swiss, was born in London. He prided himself on this circumstance, as did also king George the Third. Indeed, his Majesty, in talking with him upon his parental country, condescennded to remark; 'But you and I were born Britons; that is something to boast—hey, Gresse!' * *

"Bartolozzi had a great esteem for Gresse, who had been a favourite pupil of his estimable colleague, Cipriani; indeed he lived with this painter many years, was a very close imitator of his style, Gresse had studied under other masters; so many indeed, that Bartolozzi who was doing some professional service for a friend of Gresse's unfortunately differed with the engraver, who Italian-like, was hasty, Gresse harping on the word *style*, he exclaimed, Gotdam, Mister Gresse, hold your tongue; you have copy so many mastare, you have not left no style at all.

* * * *

"Gainsborough, as is sufficiently known, was an enthusiastic admirer of music; and though certainly no musician, yet his love for sweet sounds was such, that he had tried his native skill upon almost every instrument. He was too capricious to sit to study any one methodically, though having a nice ear, he could perform an air on the fiddle, the guiter, the harpsichord, or the flute. Under Fisher, his son-in-law, he did take a few lessons upon the hautboy, or clarionet, I forget which but made nothing of it. He, however, could modulate to a certain degree on a keyed instrument, and used frequently to chant any rodomontade that was uppermost, accompanying himself with the chords on my mother's pianoforte. Bach, who had a true German share of dry humour, used to sit and endure his miserable attempts, and laughing in his sleeve, exclaim, 'Bravo!' whilst Gainsborough, not at all abashed at his irony, would proceed, labouring hard at any particular key, be it major or be it minor and drolly exclaim, 'Now for Purcell's chant; now a specimen of old Bird.' 'Dat is deblish fine,' cried Bach. 'Now for a touch of Kent, and old Henry Lawes,' added Gainsborough; when Bach his patience worn out would cry, 'Now dat is two pad; dere is no law by goles I, why the gompany is to listen to your murder of all these antient gombosers; when getting up from his seat, he would run his fingers rattling along all the keys and pushing the painter from his seat, would sit himself in his place, and flourish voluntaries as though he was inspired. Once Bach called upon him in Pall Mall, going straight to his painting-room, he found him tagging hard at the bassoon, an instrument that requires the wind of a forge-bellows, to fill. Gainsborough's cheeks were puffed, and his face was round and red as the harvest moon! Bach stood astounded. 'Pote it away, man, pote it away; do you want to burst yourself like the frog in the fable? De defil! it is only fit for the lungs of a country blackschmidt.' 'Now, now!' exclaimed Gainsborough; 'it is the richest bass in the world. Now do listen again.' 'Listen,' added Bach mine friendt, I did listen at your door in the passage, and py all the powers above, as I hope to be saved, it is just for all the world as the veritable praying (braying) of a jackass.' 'D—n it! exclaimed Gainsborough, 'why you have no ear, man; no more than an adder. Come then, (taking the clarionet)'—'Baw, baw! exclaimed the musician, 'vorse and vorse; no more of your *canarding*, 'tis as a duck; by Gar! 'tis vorse as a goose!' Mr. Jackson, of Exeter, the composer, so celebrated for his canzonets must not be forgotten, as another exeception to this observation, however. This distinguished musician was almost as fond of painting as Gainsborough was of music; and as I have heard, was no mean performer with the pallet and pencils."

"*The two Thompsons*, bachelors, brothers, and music-sellers, who so long resided on the north side of St, Paul's, were great patrons of the Queen's Arms concerts. At this time, all the favourite old songs, set to music, were printed on a sheet, price three half-pence. They were publishers, too; and those who sought in vain elsewhere for any popular song, catch, glee, or cantata of past time, might almost certainly procure it there. One of the brothers was remarkable for his taciturnity, and the other for his everlasting loquacity. "He is always talking,' said Michael Arne, 'excepting when he is whistling;' both of which operations, it would seem, he performed through the nose. He was a most obliging man, though hasty as a Welshman, and hot as an Hibernian, when played upon; which he was cruelly subject to be, by the wags who knew of his eccentrecities. His voice, from some natural impediment, gave utterance to his thoughts as though he spoke through the reed of a clarionet. His manner of squeaking, indeed, was not unlike the oratory of Punch. Knowing his desire to accommodate his customers, for he would untie a hundred parcels of music to sell a three-half-penny song, mischievous young men of the city would go to inquire for some piece that had no existence but in their roguish imaginations. 'Pray, Mr. Thompson do you happen to have a song—I do not exactly recollect its title—but it is hunting song?—I wish to purchase it to send to my aunt in the country.' 'Can you not remember the title, sir? No, Mr. Thompson, I have forgotten. 'Should you know the tune, sir? 'I think I should;' when the good-natured music seller would look about on his shelves, and, whilst unpacking a miscellaneous collection, would hum—'The dusky night ides ound e skies—and usher in e mor-or-orn, the whilstling the remainder of the air, he would ask, 'is that it sir? 'No, Mister Thompsons.' 'No trouble, sir—I'll endeavour to think of another. 'When Auoach peeps at er dawn o day, er ounds begin to ky-i-i-i.' Is at like er tune, sir?' 'No, Mister Thompson; and so on, whistling and singing by turn; when it not unfrequently happened that the mischievous sparks, betraying their hoax by laughing. Thompsons, discovering their intention, would let fly a volley of execrations, and at the same time, a half ream of songs at their heads, when the young dogs would run for their lives.—There was another Thompson, who used to take a part in the concerts at the Queen's-arms, Newgate-street who, strange as the coincidence may appear, was not only a music-seller, but also spoke and sang like that comical fellow Punch. This worthy, who was an excellent musician, and was organist to St. Michael's Cornhill kept a music shop under Exeter-Change. He, though no relation, made friendly triumvirate with the two Thompsons of St. Paul's and they used frequently to take a mutton-chop together, at the late well-known chop-house in Bow Church-yard. This was the favourite resort of some of the most remarkable characters among the old citizens of the last century. It was here that the first-named Thompson created so much mirth, by his misnomer, in ordering two pork chops, for two poached eggs; a tale which was thus dramatised by George Saville Carey, and related by him to the amusement of the guests at many a tavern dinner. Thompson one evening, taking, his usual seat at the corner table by the fire, after reading the Public Ledger, called to the waiter, who happened to be a new comer on that day, Waitter, bring me two, *postach* 'Yes, sir,' replied the waiter, and carrying the order to the cook, returned to spread the table-cloth. Other guests had already called for various viands, and the greater part were at their respective suppers. In his turn, Thompson was served with two nicely cooked pork-steaks, 'Wha the devin do you mean sirrah, I ordered too *postach*,' (meaning two poached eggs). 'Well sir, said the new waiter, rather flippantly there are two pork-steaks.' 'Confound e impurence! De I not speak plain Fuglish? I told er two—post—ach; send her master, o-o' puppy, o!' The master came when Thompson not preceiving that all the company were convulsed with laughter, had the man brought b

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fore him, and commenced an examination as follows: 'O-o, pupy, o! Do o know a cock from a hen?—Well sir, what is a cock's wife? 'Why a hen sir.' Well, and what is er chiltern of a cock and a hen? (answering himself) Why ickens, sir. And what are ickens, sir, before they are ickens, yon arrent foon!' (fool). O! why eggs, sir,' replied the waiter, 'Eggs. sir I en post me two ickens, sir, before ey are ickens, you ass!'"

We have forborne furnishing our readers with any detailed account of Mr. LANDSEER'S *Monkeyana, or Men in Miniature*, until we should have seen that the publishers had fully redeemed their pledge to the continued excellence of the succeeding numbers. Having, however, been favoured with the inspection of the plates which are to constitute the second and all the forthcoming numbers of this work, we are enabled to speak with confidence as to its merits, and to promise to the lovers of art, as well as of humour, much entertainment. Mr. LANDSEER appears to have introduced quite a new style of etching, combining the acuteness of the line with the mellow softness of the mezzotinto manner, and which is remarkably effective. We shall proceed to notice the plates in the order of publication.

1st *Paul Pry*. Without seeing this, we should, from its hackneyed and threadbare title, have been inclined to expect little from it; for we should conceive that the exertions of LISTON and the ingenuity of every painter, engraver, caricaturist, image-maker, and manufacturer of twelfth-cake ornaments had so completely glutted the public with representations of this curious compound of straw hat, umbrella, stripped inexpressibles, eye-glass, and old boots that no possible opening was left in the PRY market. Mr. LANDSEER, however, has, by a happy effort, once more introduced PAUL; and, for the life of us, although he greets us with his hackney hope of *no intrusion*, we cannot forbear making him again welcome.

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2 *News from Navarino*, is admirably pourtrayed by a monkey, evidently a liberal, perusing with intense interest Codrington's despatches, in the columns of the *Times*. An anxious expression of the countenance would appear to indicate that, in his opinion, it is an "untoward" event. A rupture in the east of Europe is represented by a fracture in the globe, close by this truly whig specimen of a politician. The face, it is said, bears some resemblance to that of Mr. SPRING RICE, as it is seen occasionally at the window of Brookes's.

Which of us has not, at one period of our lives, exhibited the same terror of the chastizing hand as that pourtrayed by the *Young Truant*, in plate 3,—"Phlebotomy!"—(the joke, by the bye, borrowed from CHARLES MATHEWS). The imploring look of the culprit, and the stern expression of the patience-exhausted pedagogue, make this the happiest of Mr. LANDSEER'S efforts.

Plate 4, *Monkey Jockeyship*, is an excellent drawing, and well etched; it has however, in our opinion, less claim to ingenuity for invention than the others we have mentioned.

Part II. is, we observe, announced as ready; containing. *The Crisis*, *The Pas de Deux*, *Incredulity*, and *Wine does Wonders*. Our limits prevent us from further commenting upon this work at present. We shall, however, occasionally revert to it; and, in the meantime, shall take leave of Mr. LANDSEER and his monkies, wishing him every encouragement which his ingenuity deserves.

Our illiberal readers will, perhaps, do us the courtesy to believe, that our friends occasionally impose upon us peculiar duties, and make us, like *Sneer* in the play, the spectators and the critics of extraordinary, and sometimes rather whimsical, and amusing scenes. Has the lover of genuine farce, of real broad humour, ever been present at an exhibition of the Society of Arts, the Duke of SUSSEX in the chair, and all the sons and daughters of invention, the stars of science, and the constellations of mechanical genius ranged around him?—*he*, polite, prosy, inquisitive, and deeply read in the mysteries of patent mouse-traps, improved toothpicks, and new methods of scraping shoes, and cleaning buckskins—*they*, fluttering in their holiday dresses, simpering in their silks, proud in their expanded conceits, great in their littleness, and dreaming of far more imperishable laurels than those that bedeck the brows of a NEWTON, a WATTS, an ARKWRIGHT, or our living Sir HUMPHERY DAVY. If the simple reader should *not* have been at any such exhibition, he may, nevertheless, be able to form some conception, but it must be a very inadequate one, of *our* exhibition, *our* arduous situation, *our* conspicuous station a few night ago.

We beg to state, that *we* are not the Duke of SUSSEX. We earnestly implore that no mistake be indulged in on this head. We desire distinctly to state, and to have it plainly understood, that we never either distributed or received, at any time, any medal of gold, silver, or brass, for or from the renowned Society of Arts, which holds its learned meetings in the Adelphi, and its annual spectacles in the King's theatre, in the Haymarket. It is not decorous, we know, to report the proceedings of private meetings, and still more indecorous to publish to the world, after the manner of Bow-street and St. Stephen's, the transactions, the orations, or the colloquies of those persons, whose warehouse misfortunes are printed for our example, or whose forensic or political follies are reported for the mirth, or the instruction of the reading and enlightened public. But our *duty*—as a gentleman of the press would term it, who sells for so many pennies the scandal and falsehood which he often invents, and almost invariably colours—our *duty* impels us to—we speak of duty in the third tumbler plural—to notice a meeting at which *we*—not the Duke of SUSSEX, nor Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, nor Mr. Deputy DAW—had the honour to preside.

True it is, we often are compelled to occupy the chair, as our rather lengthy articles testify, and to preside over *heavy* discussions, as our notices of the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Manchester Mercury* prove; but on the occasion to which we allude we were called upon less to write than to listen, less to reason or dictate than to regulate and control, Imagine the scene, ingenious reader, to be the green-gold parlor of the London Coffee-house—a large table in the centre, before a blazing fire, and various home and exotic compotables on the board, performing their revolutions in the exact order of nature. On our right sat an honourable gentleman, a landowner from the north of Devon, and on our left a respectable shipowner, from Newcastle upon-Tyne. Flanking from these were an elderly thrower, from Macclesfield, a banker, from Norfolk, a West India proprietor—his back next the fire—an Irish absentee, with three-fourths of his estate mortgaged, a Manchester manufacturer, and an extensive general merchant, from Glasgow. Our croupier was the well-known capitalist and money dealer, Mr. ROTHSCHILD, of London. The "reporter" of the *Times* newspaper was behind the screen next the door, from whose notes we extract the conversation of the evenning. The report is as far as our best of memories enables us to judge, as accurate as reports taken by a poor devil, with freezing fingers, writing on the top of his hat, in a dim light, generally are. We do not vouch for the words of the various persons who delivered their opinions on the occasion, but for those spoken by the WATCHMAN, we have, in imitation of the late Mr. CANNING and the present Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH, taken care to correct the proofs ourself.

The "KING," the "Duke of WELLINGTON," and "Mr. PEEL," and last, not least, "Lord ELDON," having been drank with the usual honours, the business of the night proceeded.

WATCHMAN: Gentlemen---You having done me the honour to place me in this chair, in order that I may hear, *viva voce*, the several grievances of which you complain, and your reasons for ascribing the various embarrassments under which you labour, to the measures of the government, I am now prepared to hear you all *seriatim*, But I beg to state, that there is one proposition which you will do me the favour to accede to before we proceed farther. It is this—*that every intelligent man is best acquainted with his own business and his own interests* (*hear, hear, hear*), and consequently better informed as to his own circumstances, and the measures which are likely to promote his interests, than he is with respect to the circumstances and interests of his neighbours. (*Hear, hear*) Gentlemen, I have thought it necessary to make this preliminary remark, because it has been laid down as sound logic by a noble and *amiable* statesman, now, by the blessing of GOD, no longer premier minister of these unfortunate realms, that when various persons recommend measures with regard to their neighbours, which they uniformly denounce as ruinous, when applied to themselves, it follows---so says the *amiable* logician --that they are *right* upon the subject they are most ignorant of, and *wrong* upon that with which they are intimately and practically acquainted, According to this liberal logic, it follows that an attorney or clerk of the signet of Edinburgh is a better judge of the value of land and the cost of cultivation on Salisbury-plain than any farmer of Dorsetshire; that a dull master in Chancery, who never was twenty miles from Lincoln's-inn in his life, knows more of the West Indies than a resident proprietor; that a tanner of Taunton, or a dyer of Manchester, is the best authority on the value of British shipping; that Mr. SNIP, of Charing-cross, is the only man qualified to give a sound opinion on the wool trade --and so on, gentlemen, inverting all the rules of common sense and all the maxims of experience and of history. Here, however, with your permission, we will adopt the converse of Lord GODERICH'S rule, and assume that every man of fair character and ordinary intelligence must know more of his own busines, and be better qualified to pronounce an opinion upon any legislative measures affecting it, than the most ingenious theorist or the most experienced parliamentary veteran. (*Hear, hear,*) Now, gentlemen, you may proceed with your statement.

LANDOWNER:—The most unfortunate operation of the new system, and that which taints it with injustice, and which, moreover, has the most injurious and destructive effect on the prosperity of the country, is its severe pressure upon the industrious class of cultivators, and the owners of improving soils. If there be one class of his MAJESTY'S subjects which deserves more protection from the legislature than another, it is the class of improving landowners--those men whom Mr. PITT and his late MAJESTY so anxiously sought to encourage--those men who, by labour and capital, have converted thousands of acres of inhospitable fens, of dark morasses, of sterile peat bogs, of useless swamps into arable and productive land. Against these men the measures of Mr. HUSKISSON have been levelled with deadly aim. The land has been brought into cultivation, but they have been robbed. The nation has been benefitted, but they have been ruined. The fertile corn-field is the monument of their vast labour, of their skill, and of the fortunes they expended, but now they and their children are paupers. My own case is not a singular one. I have been comparatively fortunate. Many thousands have lost their *all*--I have only lost *half* my fortune. But there are many thousands in my situation, which is this; I purchased, ten years ago, an estate in the north of Devon, from the crown; I paid 60,000*l.* for it; I have expended 20,000*l* more in improving it. I have rescued from the river Taw many acres which never before saw the sun, except at low water, These acres are now fertile fields, and had the government retained those laws and those principles which were in operation when I made the purchases I would have been fairly remunerated? but since it has been thought expedient to prefer eating Pomeranian to English corn, not only is my 20,000*l.* entirely lost, but I question if my estate, without including the interest of my money, would at this moment bring the sum I paid for it. Is not this robbery? The old landowner suffered comparatively nothing--but the new landowner--the improver---the man who made corn grow where corn never grew before--who has beautified and enriched the country---this man has been sacrificed and impoverished. Had I placed my capital in government securities, it would have been now nearly double; but I had no reason to suspect that in a country where the rights of the subject are so much respected, and where it is boasted that impartial equity is administered to all---I had no reason to suspect that in such a country one class of men, the most valuable in the state, would be remorselessly sacrificed to another- (*Hear, hear, hear.*)

WATCHMAN:—Supposing the present state of things should continue for some time, as is most likely, how would the landlord and the tenant be affected?

LANDOWNER:—The landowner, in four cases out of five, would obtain no rent, and the tenant would be ruined. The former would be unable to pay his just debts, and the latter would be drained of his last farthing of capital. He would have to sell his implements of husbandry to support his family. Should the present condition of the farmers not be ameliorated before the lapse of twelve months, the most wide-spread and terrible ruin is at hand. Two months ago I was offered 20*s.* for a lot of sheep which ofhad cost me upwards of 25*s.* I declined the fer, expecting a rise in price. I kept them accordingly two months more; and before I left Barnstaple I was obliged to sell them for 19*s.* and give six months' credit. For my last year's wheat I have only obtained from 44*s.* to, 47*s.* per quarter, on bills at six months, which I cannot get discounted; and for my bullocks, which I could not sell *lean* at any price, I have been feeding them on potatoes, which, when fed, will not fetch me the cost of the potatoes they have consumed. Sir this state of things cannot continue, or it will lead to revolution—it will produce a convulsion that will sweep the taxes, the tithes, the tax-gatheres and the funds from the face of the earth. The system of Mr. HUSKISSON, sir is a cursed system, founded on injustice and robbery, and men have suffered on the block for———

WATCHMAN:—I am sorry to interrupt you, sir; but I beg leave to suggest whether it would not be better *not* to give vent to expressions *here* that, since there are still a few liberals in the cabinet, it would not be safe to publish to the world. (Our friend here bowed in acqiescence.)

Mr. ROTHSCHILD:—I ver motch approve of the pity vich my goot frend feelds vor himself. I thenk dat the landowners and de shurchmen are all ruined ver near. It was no business of mine. I told de minister, my noble frend de Earl of LIBBERPOOL, six, seven, ten vourteen years ago, that dis nation would never stand paying de gold for de paper. It vas no business of mine. I told him I vould assist in any plan de government might approve; but it is all de great mistake to suppose dat I cared von single stiver vether they continued the paper or returned to de cash payments. I vas consulted at de Treasury—I got monies vor the Bank—I vas in all der secrets, and I could sell out one, two, tree, vour million, vatever measure they might adopt, if necessaire. It vas foolish, ver foolish indeed, dat called PEEL'S bill. It has produced motch of all de mischief. It has turned beggar rich man; and rich man beggar. My brodders and me always vas of this opinion but it vas not our business. The English nation have great resource—plenty vor all—but de government never should have tought of paying contracts—all contracts, all contracts, annuities taxes, dividends interest, with new sovereigns, all gold, and no silver, for it vas making a man pay 15 per cent. interest on his debts, and vorty shillings in the pound in the end.

BANKER:—Nothing so true, and the evil has at the present moment been increased by the mode adopted to carry the Currency Bill into effect. The minister, the *prosperity* minister I mean, destroyed the confidence of the country in one speech. The suppression of the one pound notes was a much more injurious measure than most people are aware of—it actually severed all connexion between the capitalist, the country banker I mean, and the small retailer, the industrious tradesman, and the farmer of limited means. They were condemned in a night—no more stamps were allowed to be issued, and the re-issue of those in circulation was decreed to terminate on the 5th April, 1829—and this at the very moment when the Bank of England, *from absolute necessity*, was unable to supply the country with gold and was compelled to reissue that very description of paper which the liberal minister had damned in a speech remarkable for its furious tone, and a lack of anything like commiseration for the sufferings of the country. But this was not all. The system of oppression was carried still farther. The total disregard of ministers to private interests was carried to the utmost limit of injustice. You all know gentlemen, what monstrous monopoly is the Bank of England. (Here Mr. ROTHSCHILD bowed.) It has as much power in London as the Ottoman Porte has in Constantinople. (*Hear, hear.*) This bank they have however, brought into competition with us in the country in a very vexatious manner, The Bank was urged to the measure by the ministry. The directors at first stood aghast at the monstrous proposal; they could not believe the minister sincere; an extension of power and an increase of profits even their avarice never dreamt of; and it was at the urgent desire of the government that they consented to establish the branches. We in the country thought that as liberal measures were the order of the day, and as the ministers had avowed such a hatred of all monopolies, that they would expend some of their hatred on the monopoly at head-quarters. We expected that other banks than the Bank of England would be permitted to issue notes in London. Had this been conceded us we would have been thankful, Had this act of bare justice been done us—we had been placed on a level with the Bank, we should have made no objection to the branches, provided the branch bills of exchange paid the same stamp duties as ours do. This, however, was not conceded us. We were slandered; our properties became unproductive; the public confidence in our establishments was shaken; and to sum up all; the monopoly of the Bank of England was directed against us, to snatch from us the last shilling of our profits. While I live, so keenly do I feel the injustice of this measure, that I shall never cease denouncing it as an act of gross oppression. (*Hear, hear.*)

WATCHMAN:—Hard words these Mr. A.—I suspect you wish to obtain a seat in parliament after the manner of Mr. HOBHOUSE.

Mr. ROTHSCHILD:—Vat manner dat vas?

WATCHMAN:—By writing a libel and passing his holidays in Newgate.

(A German laugh from the great city capitalist.)

GLASGOW MERCHANT:—You English bankers, however did not just do your duty in parliament when you were attacked by Mr. Prosperity. To speake on this subject, for I am a divisible pairt of a bankers mysel, me and Mr. JAMES DENIE-TON, Mr. ROBERT DALGLEISH, and twa or three ithers, being pairtners in the *Thistle Bank* of Glasgow. I can tell you this, though, that whether the ministers succeed in totally suppressing the pound notes here, they will never succeed in carrying the measures on the other side of the Tweed. they might just as well pass a nonintercourse act with Scotland at once. The country is united on the subject to a man. They might just as well stop the manufactories, the colleries, and the fisheries at once As to sovereings finding their way thither, it is out of the question. Supposing the expense of them were overcome, it would be many years before the population would be reconciled to them. With their own currency they are intimately acquainted. There is scarcely a man in the country who ever lost a farthing by a bank failure; why, therefore introduce an expensive and inconvenient currency when a cheap one is at hand with which all are content? We have ane auld proverb, sir, that says "Let sleeping dogs lie" which I would recommend to the notice of the minister should he ever again attempt to tamper with the currency of Scotland They may be aroused and make short work with any ministery. With regard to business generally with us, I speak from personal experience, when I say that it has received so severe as hock, public confidence has received so a deep wound, men's means are so much exhausted, that it will, under any circumstances, be several years, before a cure can be effected.

SHIPOWNER:—My property within the last four years has fallen fifty per cent.

Mr. ROTHSCHILD:—Goot God!

SHIPOWNER:—Fully fifty per cent., sir; I venture to assert, without the slightest hazard of being contradicted by any man of experience or information, that there is scarce by a vessel which sails out of Newcastle, Hull, or Leith, that has for the last two years done much more than pay the tear and wear and the wages of the men who navigate her.

SILK-THROWER:—In 1823, I built a factory at Macclesfield, at an expenditure of twenty-five thousand pounds. I have never yet, to this hour, realized five thousand pounds in return for my labour, risk, and investment; and I believe if I were to sell my property to-morrow it would not bring ten thousand pounds. I have hands employed, but it is only to keep my machinery from rusting, and from becoming utterly valueless.

Mr. ROTHSCHILD:—(holding up his hands,) Oh God for bless'!

MANCHESTER MANUFACTURER:—Ours is a popular neighbourhood, and consequently, I cannot offer an opinion on the circumstances of all those engaged in business, or even of those with whom I am acquainted; but I shall state my own circumstances. I took stock in January, 1823, and at a low estimate I valued my stock in trade, my warehouses, and the outstanding good debts due to me, at the sum of thirty-five thousand pounds. My Junior partner, and my confidental accountant, struck the valuation at about forty thousand pounds, but in order to err on the safe side I reduced it to thirty-five. Last month we took stock [illegible] and if it were not that I have property [illegible] description I would be afraid, to confess the fact; I seriously believe, if the [illegible] were brought to the hammer it would not at the present moment bring 15,000*l.*

Mr. ROTHSCHILD:—Mr.——vill you do me the honour to pass de bottel? Goot God; Mr. Vatchman are you asleep?

WATCHMAN:—No, sir-I "Watch and wake while *others* be asleep." Pray sir, favour me with the wind

MANCHESTER MANUFACTURER:—I say nothing as to the circumstances of my neighbours generally, but I do solemnly believe that there are hundreds of them, men of reputed property who are in a worse situation than me.

BOMBAY:—PRINTED for the PROPRIETORS, at the GAZETTE PRESS, No. 10 MILITARY SQUARE by *T. RIGBY*.